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McKean County Miner.

HAR L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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STRUCK ON A RAILROAD CROSSING

Sleighing Party From the Universalist Church, Hornellsville.

TEN WOMEN KILLED LAST NIGHT.

Other Occupants of the Sleigh Were All Seriously Injured—Accident Occerred at Arkport on the Shawmut Railroad.

Hornellsville, N. Y., Feb. 1.—A passenger train on the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad, to-night crashed into a sleigh containing 13 women, killing 10 outright and so seriously injuring the remaining three that two are in a serious condition. The accident occurred near Arkport. The sleigh was one of three carrying a party from the Universalist church of this city.

The dead: Mrs. Mary Gillette, Mrs. Charles Thomas, Mrs. Fred Boughton, Mrs. Eugene Shaw, Mrs. Joseph Hallett, Mrs. J. Coats, Mrs. C. O. Graves, Mrs. Fred Green, Mrs. Bert Moore and Mrs. Ruth Patchen.

The injured: Mrs. E. R. Bowley, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Wallace Clark.

Members of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Universalist church went to a farm house near Arkport to spend the afternoon. It was nearly dark when they started on the return trip to the city. The occupants of the leading sleigh saw the train approaching as they neared the Shawmut crossing. The driver urged his horses ahead and the sleigh passed over the tracks in safety. The women in the first sleigh then attempted to warn those in the second sleigh of their danger and they did succeed in directing their attention to the rapidly approaching train. The driver pulled up his horses, but he could not check the heavy bobsled quickly enough and when it came to a standstill the box of the sleigh was directly across the railroad track. The pilot of the engine struck the sleigh with great force, reducing it to splinters and hurling the women in all directions. Every woman on the sleigh was killed or injured.

The other members of the party hurried back to the assistance of their unfortunate companions and the train was stopped and backed to the crossing.

The bodies of the dead were placed upon the train and the injured were laid upon improvised cots in the baggage car. The train then proceeded to Hornellsville. The news of the accident had been telephoned to the city and hundreds of friends and relatives of the unfortunate women were waiting at the station. The dead were at once taken to the morgue and the injured were placed in ambulances and taken to the Mercy Hospital. Elisha Quick, driver of the second sleigh, was badly hurt but was able to make the following statement: "I was driving along at a sharp canter, when I suddenly saw the flash of the headlight, and heard the ladies in the front sleigh call out not to attempt to cross. The women in my sleigh saw the train at the same time and realizing their peril began to scream and shriek for help. Their cries and the glare of the lights so frightened the horses that I was unable to stop them and they sprang upon the track. They succeeded in clearing it, but just as the sleigh was half way across the engine struck us with a terrible crash and I remember nothing more till I found myself being picked up out of the snow. I simply could not control my horses."

Olean Poultry Show.

Following is a corrected report of the Olean Poultry Show: On Barred Plymouth Rocks, R. C. Sasse took 1st prize on cockerel. Carl Sasse took 2nd on cockerel, 2nd on pullet and 1st on pen.

White Plymouth Rocks, M. L. Armstrong took 2nd on cockerel and 1st on pullet, also on White Minorcas 1st cock and 1st hen. He also won as a special or first White Minorca cock a load of cut clover hay.

On Light Brahamas, E. M. Cheesman won 1st on hen.

On Buff Leghorns, J. M. Hornlein got 1st on cockerel, 1st and 2nd pullets. He also won as specials offered on Leghorns, a fine dress protector and $2.50 cash.

Buff Orpingtons, J. W. White took second on cockerel, being beat on first a cockerel hatched out of eggs from birds, 1st and 2nd on pullets. On White Orpingtons he took 1st and 2nd on cockerels, 1st and 2nd on pullets and first on pen.

Mr. Carl Sasse also took a special in the line of a talking machine, offered for the best display of Barred Plymouth Rocks.

Third and fourth prizes have not yet been announced, but we are sure our friends above will come in for all they can handle in that line.

Subscribe for the MINER

Death of Mrs. McCabe.

Mrs. Elizabeth McCabe died at the old homestead in Reilly Hollow, Keating township, on Tuesday, January 31, 1905, in her 84th year, the cause of her death being the infirmities of old age.

Miss Elizabeth Reilly was born in Virginia, County Cavan, Ireland in 1821. Early in life she came to the United States with her parents first settling in Philadelphia. In 1842, the family, consisting of the father, mother, four sons and two daughters (including the subject of this sketch) came to this county and settled in Reilly Hollow, where the deceased passed the balance of her life.

During her residence in Philadelphia she was united in marriage to Hugh McCabe and the fruits of this union were twelve children, six of whom survive to mourn the loss of a most kind and devoted mother, namely: Mrs. J. Ryan of Saegertown, Miss Maria and James, who live on the old homestead, John of Sistan, Washington, Leo and Ambrose of Erie.

Mrs. McCabe was always a devout Catholic and in the time of adversity she always depended upon her faith. When she and her family first came to this county it was practically a wilderness and the early settler had to endure many hardships and adversity stared those hardy pioneers in the face more often than it does the people of to-day, but she was always pleasant and companionable and she will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends among the older inhabitants.

The funeral services will be held at the home Friday morning, Rev. Father Cosgrove officiating, and her remains will be laid at rest beside those of her husband in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

In Memoriam.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you kindly publish a brief tribute to the memory of George C. Chapin, who departed this life December 3rd, 1904, in Weedsport. He was born in the town of Freedom, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., October 3rd, 1826. His early life was spent in Auburn, N. Y. At the age of 19 years he went to Smethport, Pa., to reside with his uncle, Benjamin Corwin. Later we were schoolmates at the Academy. After leaving school, he taught several terms in adjoining districts. Following this he learned the cabinet maker's trade, was an architect and undertaker, also holding many important offices. He early formed the purpose to do well whatever he had to do.

In 1849 he was married to Miss Emily Burdick of Norwich, Pa. Six children blessed their union, three of whom survive: Cortez C. of Denver, Col.; Glenn S. of South Norwalk, Conn., and Mrs. C. W. House of Auburn, N. Y. In 1860 he moved to Weedsport, N. Y., where he spent the rest of his life. He was a devoted husband, a kind and loving father, a worthy citizen and true friend.

* * *

He was early in life converted, and always lived by the Golden Rule. In the last few years he had been in failing health, still he remained cheerful and patient. His last illness was apoplexy. Just before losing consciousness his eyes were attracted to a certain point in the ceiling above him; where he gazed for some time, then with his cane he pointed to the place where his eyes were fixed. At once his restlessness ceased. In a short time he became unconscious, and remained so, until his spirit took flight. We assume he saw the appearance of a Heavenly Messenger, who had come to welcome him home. Be it as it may, fancied or real, we are led to say, with one of old, "Let me die the death of the righteous, let my last end be like his."

MR. S. ROSE, Auburn, N. Y.

Wonderful and Interesting

The Kingston Leader says: Old theatre goers declare that the finest show seen in this city in a long time was that of the Brindamour & Naiada Co., at the Kingston opera house on Wednesday night. From start to finish every act was vociferously applauded. Wonderfully interesting was the work of Brindamour. Though seemingly he was securely handcuffed and his feet shackled by Chief of Police Hood, Detective Sergeant Cahill and Policeman McIntyre, in a twinkling he removed the handcuffs and shackles unaided, to the amazement of all. Time and time again his feet were shackled and the cuffs tightly locked on his hands only to release himself in a jiffy. But besides the work of Brindamour there were several other features equally interesting.

At the Smethport Lyceum Tuesday evening, February 7.

House for Sale.

A 16 room boarding house with bath, modern conveniences and all furnishings. Will be sold cheap for cash. Inquire of Mrs. Mary O'Day, Hazelhurst, Pa.

For Sale.

I will sell my half interest in the Palmer & Vickery livery stable at a reasonable price for cash or approved paper. Inquire of F. J. VICKERY, Smethport, Pa.

The Jewel Cake Griddle, the only only thing for baking pancakes. At Holmes & Gilfillan's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

The following sketch entitled "A Day in Olderado," was written by a correspondent of the Elmira Advertiser, dated Bradford Nov. 26, 1877. It contains a rather poetic description of what Bradford was like during its "greasy days:"

It is early morning and the glow of the huge flambeau in front of the hotel, paling the gray in the east just appearing, gives one a sort of house afire sensation. All about are sleepers, here in beds, there in cots, from basement to garret, and the Bradford House seems a vast dormitory, where tired and tired-a adventurers sleep and slumber, snore and dream dreams of territory, oil, oil wells, derricks, delvings and diggings after fortunes found and unfound, deep in profoundest depths of sand rock hidden. But sleep from our eyes departing we will arise and take to our easy chair, since it is at early morning that our pen runs on the easier and here is the scene from our window: A scattering, straggling, shaggy shanty town, with a street in front smooth paved with composite rather than concrete—clay. In solution, rain water, petroleum, vegetable mould, red loam, shell and shale, clay and cliff, reef and rock, crushed, crumbled, pounded, pestled, pulverized and powdered "neath time's eternal drip hammers in endless evolution; and this a sort of paste, porridge and plaster is Bradford's pavement.

The houses along the streets look out from windows without shutters, on seas and oceans of the composite—and then the garden spots—how funny. On most rise up a tall cone of timbers in net work woven, at base of which is seen the inevitable surroundings of the fountain beneath, whence bellows—blown from earth's hidden chambers, comes daily welling up the milk in the cocoanut.

And this is the center of the new Olderedo, all along the valley of the Tuna. To this region, away back in the autumn of 1846, came Col. Daniel Kingsbury, agent for the United States Boston Land Company, all the way from the Hub of the Universe; and here mid forests primeval, among waving pines and weeping hemlocks, made habitation in the wilderness, and with countless axes busy in their blows, and saws with strokes unceasing, swept away the forests and far away to the Southland, by floods of springtime and autumn borne, the pines and hemlocks transformed into dwellings, barns and fences, dotted the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, from their sources to the gulf. And thence as passed away the forests, succeeded farms and farm houses in a pleasant valley fertile and productive, skirting the Tuna in its sinuous ways, till lost in the Allegany.

Six years ago or thereabouts ago was it, so they tell us, that one Foster, whose Christian name may have been Joseph, John or Josephus, we did not inquire which or whether this or that, came to Bradford with his anger, and dipping down sought for oil, and found it. We said that Foster bored at B.—only a little below, at a point known as Tarport, a suburb of the present city of Bradford. We take it that all towns having suburbs are cities, or should be. Here was found the first oil to speak of on the Tuna, a fine flowing well, yielding nineteen barrels daily, and of superior quality. Fully four years in advance had come Job Moses, the man of peace, patience and piety, better known as the venerable "Old Man," whose sands of life were fast running out, and still ran on as ever. He was rich, had gathered up gold from the "sands," and believed in the spirits. These told the man of the peace, piety and patience to buy all the land in the neighborhood regardless of the historical "brush fence" long separating the Keystone from the Empire State. Job obeyed orders and made purchases of the country round about Jordan, or on the Tuna rather, in the neighborhood of Limestone, Cattaraugus county, making himself next door neighbor to the chiefs of the Seneca nation. And here Job bored, and bored, now into another earth, and then again his neighbors', never giving it up, nor losing faith in the spirits, and the show was all the while "splendid," and yet only a "fleeting show." Finally, and only a year and a half ago was it, that four young men, merely boys, with little cash, and yet, having brave hearts and brawny hands, set themselves at work boring, resolved to strike oil, Honduras, Halifax, Hindes, or some other country, but at the depth of more than a thousand feet the third sand rock was reached, and then came gushing up such a stream of oil as to astonish the natives. The four boys, organizing as a company under the firm of Jackson, Walker & Co., kept on continuing marvels of enterprise and success. Thence and till now have flocked in crowds of men, making purchases and putting down wells, till all along the valley of the Tunungwant, at Bradford, in the valley above, below, at Tarport, Limestone, interspersed and intermediate, are seen rows of derricks and wells along the banks of the creeks, at the base, midway along the declivity on either hand, and here and there standing out people like, on the brow of distant hills, monuments of faith in the Moloch of Oil. Here are the figures of to-day: Whole number of derricks in the Tuna valley, four hundred and fifty. Producing wells, three hundred and twenty-seven. Derricks in State of New York, eighty-seven; producing wells, fifty-seven. The daily yield of these wells at the present is not less than five thousand barrels in the aggregate and the money value from fourteen to fifteen thousand dollars. Nearly every well pays a good profit, money is plenty, and employment with fair wages general. The most interesting feature of the development of oil in the valley of the Tuna is the one of transportation. As oil, equally with other liquids, seeks its level, so the running down hill is the point always kept in view. This makes lots all along the base of the hills on either side of the valley, those most sought after, and locates derricks along the slopes, one above the other, as each little plateau of a few feet square invites the architect, the engineer and the auger. From each well runs a pipe conveying the oil to tanks beside the rail track, whence it is borne away to eastern markets.

In a little dell midway between Tarport and Limestone has been constructed an immense tank with a capacity of several thousands of barrels, fed by scores of wells around and about the basin. Here is seen a sort of Corliss engine, lifting with its iron sinews what may fitly be denominated oceans of oil, forcing it through piping over the hill seven hundred feet high, and dropping it in Olean, whence, by way of the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia, and Erie railway lines, it is transported to tidewater. The projector of this remarkable accomplishment is Mr. J. H. Dilks, an engineer who knows how to run the machine. The territory along the Tuna remaining undeveloped is still large and wells are steadily multiplying. Individuals and companies of eminent responsibility not only now own, but are adding daily to their possessions of territory.

The following are some of the chief of these, to-wit: R. W. Evans, Whitney, Wheeler & Co., Fred Prentice, F. S. Johnson, John Brown, Harsh, Scriber & Co., Emery, Emery, Patterson & Co., Wing, Lockwood & Co., etc.

These and others have passed the rubicon and are steadily invading the Empire State, and talk learnedly of new dips of sand rock and a great oil basin extending northward across New York State, welling up in Canada and cropping out in the neighborhood of the north pole.

A WORD TO DELINQUENTS.

Early in January we sent out bills for subscription amounting to over $1,400, and from these bills we have so far received a little over $200. Some have paid their accounts in full, others have paid part and a few have written for extension of time. To those who have settled in full or in part we wish to thank and to those asking time we grant it. To those who have ignored their bills we hereby give notice that it will be to their advantage to respond promptly, especially those who are owing the larger amounts.

We would like to be generous with everybody, but situated as we are from a financial standpoint we must have money to run a newspaper, and as we do not own stock and never received any dividends from the Wind Oil Company we are obliged to depend largely on our subscribers for the money to buy paper and make the "ghost walk."

TICKETS NAMED AT PRIMARIES.

Nominations for Smethport Borough and Keating Township.

GOOD MEN ARE ON BOTH TICKETS

Large Vote Cast at Borough Republican Caucus—The Borough Democratic Nominees.

Both the Republican and Democratic caucuses for Smethport borough and the Republican caucus for Keating township were held last Saturday afternoon and good, substantial citizens were placed in nomination for the various offices to be filled in the spring elections to be held February 21st next.

At the borough Republican primaries a large vote was polled, although there was little contest for nominations. Three names appeared on the ticket for school directors, with two to nominate, and there were four candidates for nomination for the three seats as councilmen. For the three other offices there were no contests. The following ticket was named:

School Directors—Fred D. Gallup, D. C. Young.

Councilmen—A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagberg, James A. McKean.

High Constable—Andrew Ness.

Constable—E. W. Jones.

Auditor—Herman F. Till.

Judge of Election—A. H. Kidder.

Inspector of Election—J. C. Cunningham.

The Democrats of this borough met Saturday evening and placed in nomination a very creditable bunch of candidates. Two Republican nominees were also placed on their ticket as will be seen by looking it over. The ticket follows:

School Directors—E. T. Daly, Fred D. Gallup.

Councilmen—George Brennan, Thos. W. Camp, James A. McKean.

Constable—M. J. Welch.

Auditor—George Sherburne.

Judge of Election—Scott F. Redfield.

Inspector of Election—W. G. Holder.

In the Republican primaries of Keating township held last Saturday afternoon and evening there was less contest than usual, but there was enough strife for supervisor and constable to bring out a fairly large vote. The successful candidates are as follows:

Supervisors—Michael Herzog, Charles H. Brown.

School Directors—A. L. Gallup, W. E. Scott.

Auditors—Andrew Washburn, three years; C. J. Bailey two years; Frank Brockham, 1 year.

Constable—Gardner Callen.

Justice of the Peace—Hezekiah Shannon.

First District—Assistant Assessor—Frank Thornton.

Judge of Election—John Hallock.

Inspector of Election—John Stull.

Second District—Assistant Assessor—Leon Curtis.

Judge of Election—John Henderson.

Inspector of Election—W. P. Beckwith.

Third District—Assistant Assessor—I. T. Scott.

Judge of Election—George Hancock.

Inspector of Election—B. D. Thompson.

At the Democratic caucus for Keating township, held Tuesday evening, the following nominations were made:

Supervisors—A. R. Cory, Michael Miller.

School Directors—Frank A. Burdick, W. E. Scott, R.

Auditors—Allen Oviatt, E. D. Comes, John D. Abbey.

Constable—A. G. Farley.

Justice of the Peace—W. I. Oviatt.

Town Clerk—Everell Spencer, R.

First District—Assistant Assessor—B. B. Pierce.

Judge of Election—Samuel Crawford.

Inspector of Election—J. L. Oviatt.

Second District—Judge of Election—C. L. Palmer.

Inspector of Election—Charles Cook.

At the M. E. Church.

"The Formula of Love" is the topic for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. In the evening the pastor will begin a series of five sermons on "Anomalous Towns," the special topics being:

A TOWN WITHOUT
1. A Boy.
2. A Woman.
3. A Sabbath.
4. A Saloon.
5. A Church.

Music Sunday evening by the boy choir and the male quartette.

Do you need any robes, blankets or bells to equip yourself for winter? If so call on Charles Lemmler. He has a line that you can be suited from and the prices are always the lowest for high grade goods.

Try the Acme Cushion shoe for ladies. The easiest shoe made, at Rubin's shoe store.

Big bargains in baby push sleds at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

SHOPS WILL COST $325,000.

Plans for Shawmut Line's New Shops Call for the Expenditure of That Sum.

Plans for new shops for the Shawmut line have been completed. The plans and specifications call for the expenditure of the sum of $325,000. The location of the shops has not yet been decided and is not likely to be for some time. One of the propositions that is holding up the decision is that of extending the Shawmut lines about 100 miles further south, and another one of extending the lines about 100 miles north. It is likely that the shops will be located about the center of the system so that repair work can be handled promptly from both ends.

Temporary shops are now being erected at St. Marys for the carrying on of the railroad work. The emergency of the fire makes this necessary. The plans for the big shops were completed some months ago. Every effort will be made to secure the shops for Bolivar if they are to be built elsewhere than St. Marys. Bolivar has numerous advantages that will be presented to the railroad company by her citizens.—Bolivar Breeze.

About a year ago an organization known as the Business Men's Association of Smethport was in communication with the proper authorities of the P., S. & N. R. R. Co., in relation to locating the permanent shops of that road in Smethport, and we understand this organization received some encouragement from their conference. Now this organization should again make an effort to have these shops located here. We are of the opinion that with the proper efforts of our business men these shops can be located here. An industry of this kind would be worth a great deal to this place and our chances are good enough to warrant a strenuous effort on the part of our citizens. Who will start the ball?

The Poor Boy's Chances.

The poor boy's chances for success are still good in this country. The Philadelphia Inquirer, noting some of the recent incidents in political life illustrative of this point, says: A few nights ago Senator-elect Hemenway, of Indiana, appeared on the stand as a speaker along with the governor of the State. When Hemenway was working in a livery stable across the street from the place of meeting, the governor was digging a ditch in front of it for a gas company. Minnesota has just elected a governor by an unprecedented majority whose father was sent to the poor house as a common drunkard when the potential governor was ten years old. The latter went to work at a dollar a week and increased his wages until it was possible for him to get his mother to retire from the wash-tub, since which he has supported her. Massachusetts has just installed a governor who learned his trade of cobbler as a small boy and rose to high place in the manufacturing world by industry and integrity. There are at present in congress at least one hundred men who began life under apparently the most untoward circumstances and have made their way in the world without the benefit of higher education, unless secured by their own efforts, and against what persons would consider normal chances of achieving distinction.

A Mock Marriage.

A mock marriage ceremony was performed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sandford L. Fry on Thursday evening, Jan. 26th, in the presence of the members of the Soangetaha as invited guests. Inasmuch as the bride and groom are minors and were married without the consent of their parents it is deemed advisable to withhold their names. The bride was becomingly attired in creme crepe cloth and heavy lace, and the groom in conventional black. The costumes of the guests were strangely extravagant(?). Among the out-of-town guests was Mrs. Winters of Toronto, who soon won the admiration of those present by her charming manner. A delicious wedding breakfast was served in the wee small hours. The wedding party are greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Fry for this very pleasant evening.

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Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 28, 1905:

Frank Andrews, Isaac Bainton, Miss Anna Mason, Sam Marks, Oscar Olson, Miss Alice Olson 3.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

For Sale.

Desirable lot, 32x115 feet, on Main street, between Dr. Brown's office and J. W. Pickersgill's. Inquire of JOHN BERGQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

My stock of blankets and robes is unusually good this season. The latest styles and the very best quality is to be found in my stock. CHAS. LEMMLER.

The Ex-Transgressor

By GEORGE THELBERT WALSH

Copyright, 1904, by George Ethelbert Walsh.

KID DILWORTH was an unusual man. Without attempting to analyze him I should say that he was unusual because of certain mixed qualities that might have made him famous outside of Rountree. It is true he was conspicuous in Rountree, but not of the kind that spells fame. One thing, his ambition didn't run in the right direction, and he was too much obscured by certain inherited traits that you couldn't hold him responsible for. He was unassuming, too, and you couldn't help liking him for that.

Budd Brainard said that Dilworth was a lazy, good for nothing horse thief before he was reformed. But Budd had a grudge against him which didn't have a chance to cool in that Arizona temperature.

Dilworth reformed when he struck the trail of a miserable little preacher sent down there to save himself from an early consumptive's grave. The Kid took a fancy to him and helped him to keep order when he tried to preach, and when he died he made all Rountree turn out to his funeral. It was the greatest funeral you ever saw in that region. It just made one think that we were all in love with the dead chap. But we weren't. We were sort of hypnotized by Dilworth. Somehow the mantle of Elijah had fallen on the Kid's shoulders.

Leastwise he assumed that it had, and he made us believe it. We couldn't deny it, and we couldn't affirm it, and what you can't affirm or deny you'd better leave alone. So we accepted it while under the spell of the moment. Budd Brainard said "Amen!" and the Kid took it right and pretended not to see the mockery in Budd's tone and added:

"Amen and amen!"

Budd looked kind of confused and asked:

"Does the Kid take it earnest? Ain't he got brains enough to see the p'int of the joke?"

Dilworth overheard, but he chose to assume not, and he dispersed the funeral procession with a wave of his hand and a highfalutin sort of announcement that he'd hold meeting next Sabbath morning at 11 in the back part of the Yellow Coyote saloon.

Coyote Mike gave the Kid the use of his back room for service, knowing that he would profit by the crowd that would assemble in the front room. All Rountree was there, every one burning with thirst and curiosity. Dilworth held the service alone; we didn't interrupt him. It was none of our business if he wanted to play preacher.

Now, an ordinary man would have been scared to death by the popping of guns and cocks in the Yellow Coyote saloon that morning, but the Kid only prayed and sang the louder behind his closed doors. When the meeting was over he came out looking sorrowful and downcast.

"Why didn't some of you boys come in?" he asked, pleading like. "I know you would have enjoyed it. Next Sabbath morning we'll have a large audience."

Some of us tried to snicker, but somehow we couldn't. We just felt that hypnotizing spell come over us again. Budd Brainard started the procession from the saloon. Dilworth stood and eyed us sadly. He didn't seize upon any one until it came Buck Grey's turn to scoot out of the door. Then he just stretched forth a hand and said:

BUDD BRAINARD SAID "AMEN!"

"Buck, the Lord wants you."

Ordinarily Buck could handle a six shooter quick enough and could laugh at death in almost any form, but he just trembled all over now and wilted. We saw him draw back into the shadow of the saloon with the Kid and listen.

Coyote Mike's back room had an audience of two the following Sabbath, and the popping of corks and guns in front was not so frisky as usual. There was an atmosphere of quietness about the place which oppressed us. Budd Brainard finally said:

"I'm going to leave this place before that horse thief provokes me into shooting him. I'll do it if he—"

Budd couldn't finish, for the Kid was in our midst and at the door ahead of any one. He just looked over Budd's shoulder and said:

"We've decided to raise funds to build a meeting house in Rountree. We need it bad, boys, for the back room of the Yellow Coyote is small, and it won't hold our audience much longer."

This naturally provoked Coyote Mike to anger, for he would lose trade. But before he could speak up his opinion the Kid had hint by the hand.

"You'll help, for you have profited more than anybody in Rountree over the sinfulness of man. We'll let you off with $500 now, but we'll come back for more later. Next!"

Coyote Mike never protested, for the Kid had him down for the full amount, with his signature at the foot, before he could recover from his astonishment. Budd Brainard once more started for the door, saying under his breath: "Hang him! He'll befuddle me next with his tomfoolery!"

The Kid replied sorrowfully enough, holding open the door for Budd: "We'll take your subscription for the new meeting house another time. The Lord can bide his time."

"So can I!" snapped Budd. "And when my time comes we'll settle all past scores. Understand?"

After that the Kid had opposition in building his new meeting house. Rountree didn't need such an institution, for it hadn't thrown off its swaddling clothes, and it was in need of more saloons than churches. But the Kid showed his peculiar inherited traits by not being downhearted over the failure of his scheme to save the souls of the Rountree citizens in a real, genuine church. There were, of course, some who followed him and believed in him, but not many.

When things didn't come fast enough his way Dilworth said something about "buckling on the armor of the Lord and fighting for the right." We took this sort of talking figuratively until one day he waylaid Mexican Pete and toted him off to his house to convert him. Pete was a sinner if there ever was one—horse thief, drunkard and gambler. If the Kid could convert him, along with Buck Grey, he would prove a better man than any of his predecessors in the ministry.

Pete didn't show up again for a week. Some said he was dead drunk, and others hinted that the Kid had made away with him. But he was all right, except that he looked scared and pale when he appeared at the Yellow Coyote bar again.

"Have one, Pete?" said Budd. "Make it anything."

Mexican Pete shook his head and whispered, "I—do you mind if we call it sarsaparilla?"

I thought Budd would fall to the floor, but he just gasped and turned to Coyote Mike. "You hear?"

Then when Coyote Mike gurgled out an inarticulate reply Budd added wrathfully: "This is going too far! What's the matter with us, anyway, to let that little reformed horse thief come here and henpeck us? Why don't you close up his mouth, Mike? If you don't he'll close up your saloon. Well, you're the finest lot of blasted, idiotic dummies that I ever see! I'll be hanged if I don't shake off the dust of Rountree for good! It's too preachy here for me. I'm stifling, asphyxiating. Sarsaparilla for Mexican Pete! Huh! Take him home and give him the nursing bottle! I'll go camping on the trail of that Kid. He's a horse thief, a self confessed one, and ought to die."

Usually—Budd lived up to his word and we expected developments. But in Rountree you can never tell where lightning will strike. It was an even gamble on Budd and the Kid.

Considering everything, I was a little confused when both turned up as serenely unconcerned as ever. Budd said nothing about the Kid, and the Kid always purposely avoided speaking of his old side partner of the days before the meanly little preacher chap brought trouble to Rountree.

Then the best citizens began to lose horses, stolen from right under their noses. A horse thief hadn't been hung in Rountree for six months. Every one felt himself a self constituted committee to run the thief to ground, but somehow he was too wary for us, and we just bucked our heads against a stone wall in vain.

Budd Brainard swore over the bar of the Yellow Coyote that if the thief touched his horse he'd run him to ground within forty-eight hours. Then, just to show how little he cared for Budd's threat, the thief trailed behind him that night and led his horse off to parts unknown.

"We'll have the noose around him this time," some one says, knowing Budd for a bad man when outraged.

But the excitement didn't come off. About half the horses of Rountree were stolen before the citizens organized. Then they held a meeting to consider things. It was the Kid who first let light in on the subject. After all the others had had their say he put up a clincher in this wise:

"Seems to me we need to stimulate our civic pride a little by offering a money reward for the horse thief, dead or alive, but mostly alive. A little reward will do wonders sometimes. Remember once when I was nearly corralled by— But that was in the days before I was converted, and it makes me sad to think of it. I won't recall it."

The Kid had a sorrowful way of looking out of his mournful eyes which affected us so that we all hastened to agree with him.

"I'll put up a hundred on that reward," said Budd Brainard.

"And I'll cover it with the same," added Coyote Mike.

"Just double the amounts, gentlemen, and I'll cover them both," the Kid said, being game to the core.

In half an hour a purse of $2,000 was handed over to Coyote Mike to hold for the successful man. The Kid eyed the money with wistful eyes.

"Seeing that I started the fund growing," he said slowly, "I might have the privilege of modifying the terms of the reward."

There were some grunts of disapproval, but the Kid continued:

"I don't think you'll object to giving the captor of the horse-thief a chance to say what shall be done with him or the opportunity to pull the rope first if he's hung."

"I'M HIM—THE HORSE THIEF."

"No objection," said Budd, with an oath. "A good idea! I want that reward and the first pull on the rope."

"Or the first shot if you decide to shoot him?" added the Kid.

"Yes, the first shot or the first pull. But it will be a pull."

"But if you decide to let him go scot free we can't interfere; that's a part of the bargain."

"Yes, a part of the bargain!" roared Budd at the joke. "I'll let him go scot free, but he won't go far."

"Well, gentlemen, we understand each other," the Kid announced. "The one who claims the reward has all to say about what shall be done with the thief. Then I'll have him here tomorrow noon."

A sudden suspicion of the truth dawned on us. The Kid was going to save the thief's life. It was another one of his freaks. After exacting a promise from us to let the captor decide the man's fate he was ready to expose the thief.

"No, you don't!" shouted Budd Brainard. "I'll camp on your trail every minute of the day and night, and I'll be in at the end. I'll have half the reward and half the say."

True to his word, Budd followed the Kid around like a shadow. They ate and slept together. The Kid didn't resent Budd's presence, but sought mightily to work upon his spiritual nature. I think if the watch had been extended to a fortnight Budd would either have been converted or stampeded for new grounds without half the reward.

The Kid appeared to make no unusual efforts to hunt down the thief. He talked religion to Budd most of the time and prayed for him the rest. Budd looked pretty pale and haggard the next morning; he was wild eyed and desperate. But when it came time for the Kid to redeem his promise a look of hope entered Budd's eyes. His vigil would soon end.

The Kid was the only collected one of the crowd assembled at Coyote Mike's [illegible] minutes past noon. Budd was [illegible] showing the strain [illegible]

"Where is he?" [illegible]

"Don't [illegible] Budd. I'm coming [illegible] of it. Is the day [illegible] the thief is?"

There was a negative growl, even from Budd.

"Then I [illegible] to claim the reward," the Kid added. "Coyote Mike will hold it in trust for the new meeting house. It will be enough to build it right away, and more."

There was no comment. Nobody cared what the Kid did with the money if he could produce the horse thief.

"Understand, I'm to have the only say what shall be done with the man. You can trust me to deal rightly with him. Is there any objection?"

There was none audible, but plenty under the breath. Then the Kid did something to take their breath away. He stood up on a barrel and said:

"I'm him—the horse thief and the claimant of the reward. We needed the meeting house so badly that I had to do something." He paused. "And now we have the money."

There were several menacing movements in the direction of the belt, but the Kid forestalled the action by adding:

"The horses stolen are all in good condition down on Mexican Pete's ranch. He let me keep them there until you wanted them. Now we'll adjourn the meeting until I decide whether to hang or shoot the thief. If it's either one, Budd, I'll surrender my right and give you the first pull or shot."

But Budd had made a break for the door. He was still unconverted, and the Kid looked sorrowful. "But if the Lord can abide his time so can I," he murmured.

Argus Eyed and Hydra Headed.

The term "Argus eyed" means watchful. According to the Grecian fable, Argus had 100 eyes, and Juno set him to watch all of whom she was jealous. When Argus was slain she transplanted his eyes into the tail of the peacock. "Hydra headed" is a term derived from the fable of Hercules and the hydra. The hydra had nine heads, and Hercules was sent to kill it. As soon as he struck off one of its heads two shot up in its place.

The Interest In It.

Pipson—I wonder what there was in the paper today about Masters? Grimes—Didn't know there was anything. Pipson—Oh, there must have been. He was saying to me that today's issue was usually interesting.

A Great Combination.

"You and your husband have lived together twenty-five years and never had a quarrel? What's the secret?"

"No secret at all. I'm too good natured to quarrel, and he's too indolent."—Exchange.

ANIMALS AND SCENT.

One of the Miracles of Nature That Is Past Understanding.

One of the most interesting of all the miracles of nature is scent as applied to animals. The subject is neither understood nor explainable. Whether it is a sixth sense or a marvelous development of one of the five is uncertain. Quite likely, however, it has very little relation to that sense which we know as smell.

To the sportsman the quality of scent is extremely important. When the air is dry and the ground hard there is little scent. When the wind is north or east scent is either largely wanting or does not readily diffuse itself. A southerly wind without rain and a westerly wind, if not too rough, are most favorable to it. Of course if the wind is strong it blows the scent away, and severe storms entirely destroy it. It is very difficult for a dog to follow a scent just after a shower, and it is dispersed by the hot sun as well as by the storm. It is a fact also that scent comes as much from an animal's body as from its feet.

There is no time that a dog will follow a scent better than when the track is made upon white frost. If the frost is thick over the track, of course the scent is buried, but as soon as it begins to disappear the dog follows it easily. During thaws or melting snow scent seems to dissipate rapidly. Sled paths, swamp bottoms, dry wood and ice are all bad for holding or preserving scent, and so are sandy places and of course plowed fields when the feet sink in so deep that the earth is likely to fall over them.

Another peculiar thing about scent is that it generally ceases as soon as the animal is dead. This, at any rate, is the claim, and, for that matter, almost all knowledge concerning scent is merely made by observation and is rather unscientific, or at least liable to be erroneous. It is claimed also that nature often protects animals in the breeding season, so that they give out but little scent. For illustration, the coon gives no scent from spring until about the middle of August, when the young begin to take care of themselves, and their scent increases with their age and size. Both the rabbit and the coon have very little scent, but the fox, deer, moose and elk give out a strong scent and can be followed by a dog long after the track is fresh. Birds give but little scent, and it has been claimed that quail close their feathers closely when the dog is near and thus destroy their scent altogether.

Whether scent as we understand it as applied to animals is the same quality that human beings possess in smelling a flower is uncertain. Just how a dog, for illustration, can distinguish the track of his master from that of some one else or from a score of others perhaps hours after the track has been made is simply one of those marvelous miracles that are as incomprehensible as eternity or limitless space.—Amateur Sportsman.

Beware the Hard Toothbrush.

"In spite of all that is printed nowadays about the care of the teeth," said an experienced New York dentist, "we should have to go out of business if we depended upon the patronage of men and women who have passed the prime of life. It is a mistake to assume that most of the false teeth are made for old persons. I venture to say that scarcely a day passes that a patient well in the sixties does not come to my office for some slight treatment to an almost perfectly sound set of teeth.

"I have frequently treated men and women past fifty who never had a tooth out and but one or two slight cavities that required filling. On the other hand, we are repeatedly called upon to make artificial teeth for very young persons. I attribute it to the use of the hard toothbrush, which is a comparatively modern invention. The use of a hard brush even occasionally is a great mistake. The softest kind of hogs' bristles makes the best toothbrush."—New York Press.

British Navy Divers.

Three schools for the instruction of divers are maintained by the British navy. The diving service is composed entirely of volunteers. No man is passed as a candidate who has a short neck, is full blooded or shows a florid complexion. Those suffering from complaints affecting the head or heart or having a sluggish circulation are also excluded. Six weeks of training at a diving school fits a man for open sea work. It is essential to descend and ascend very slowly owing to the effects of the great change of pressure. A man of strong constitution is not advised to ascend faster than two feet a second when the depth does not exceed eighty feet. The men in training are first taken to slight depths, while are gradually increased to a maximum of 120 feet. The normal limit is 150 feet, to which practiced divers often go.

Electric Fans In Winter.

The electric fan is generally associated with hot weather because at that time we are accustomed to resort to its use for cooling and ventilating our offices and living rooms, but it has its uses in cold weather, and in many offices and stores it maintains its position throughout the entire year. Its use in winter is principally to secure ventilation, though at times it is very convenient for obtaining a more uniform temperature throughout a room. An electric fan placed above a heater will distribute the warm air which would otherwise rise toward the ceiling and only reach the lower regions when displaced by still warmer air. The thorough circulation and stirring up brought about by the fan generally insure a pretty uniform temperature throughout the entire room.—Electrical Review.

Get Busy.

The successful man is usually busy, and the busy man is usually successful. The young man, whatever his vocation, who has not learned to economize his time and keep busy has not got the lesson most essential to a prosperous, useful and happy life.—Chicago Tribune.

A PSYCHIC MESSAGE

IT ROUSED A RAILROAD OFFICIAL TO SUDDEN ACTIVITY.

The Story of a Special Train That Was Sidetracked and How the Passenger Traffic Manager Got Warning of the Mishap.

A number of railroad officials were chatting after a business meeting, when the discussion chanced to drift upon the question whether railroad men are superstitious.

Presented with the opportunity to display their knowledge, some of the passenger men drifted into the realms of esoteric Buddhism and psychic phenomena, with a touch of spiritualism thrown in for full measure. Finally one of the party, a passenger traffic manager, insisted that he was neither superstitious, nor did he understand psychic phenomena.

"Just the same," he concluded, "I had one of those psychic things happen to me when I was engaged in trying to induce every one in Nashville to travel by the Louisville and Nashville. The Grau Opera company was coming to town for a week's engagement, and the outfit, scenery and all, was coming over our line, thanks to the persuasive ability of the Louisville and Nashville's gentlemanly representative, who at that time was your humble servant.

"The day before the grand opera season should be upon us the advance agent called upon me and, rubbing his hands gleefully, declared that the advance sales had been enormous.

"'A good first night,' he declared, 'would make the engagement a record breaker. If everything goes well tomorrow night they can't stop us. I suppose that scenery is on the way all right and will show up on time?'

"I assured him that it was as he supposed, and he left me in a happy frame of mind. The next day as I was sitting in my office thinking about nothing particular the conviction flashed upon me that it was up to me to get the Grau scenery to town in time for the opening performance. I laughed at the conviction at first, but it recurred to me with irresistible force, and I could not get it out of my head that the scenery was doing time on a side track somewhere between St. Louis and Nashville. I remembered that the opening opera was to be 'Aida,' which requires the double stage and therefore an endless amount of scenery. Accordingly if that scenery did not arrive no makeshift would supply the want of it.

"By early afternoon I had worked myself into a state bordering upon nervous prostration, and finally I bolted for Major James Geddes' office. The major was then a division superintendent, and, after apologizing for mixing up in a matter that was really none of my business, I asked him if the Grau scenery was on the way.

"'Certainly it is,' he replied convincingly. 'It left St. Louis early last evening and is coming special on a fast schedule. It will be here within an hour from now.'

"'How do you know all that?' I demanded.

"'Know it, know it?' shouted the major wrathfully. 'How do I know I'm alive? Haven't I got the report showing the makeup of the special, the time it left St. Louis and the schedule on which it is running? You had better go back to your office, young man, and keep on selling tickets. Don't meddle with the operating department unless you can talk sense.'

"'Just the same, major,' I insisted, 'I have reason to know that the Grau scenery is not on the way to Nashville.'

"The major's wrath knew no bounds.

"'Where is it, then?' he snorted.

"'Somewhere on a side track between here and St. Louis,' I replied.

"'Young man,' said the major, rising, 'you are such a blamed fool that I will break my rule and take the trouble to convince you that you are one instead of kicking you out of my office. Come with me.'

"We rushed upstairs to the train dispatcher's office, where the major ordered the dispatcher to show me progress of the Grau special.

"'It's not progressing. It has been lying on the side track at Riolado for five hours,' replied the dispatcher, 'and I've been scouring the system for an engine. The special's engine went dead.'

"The major forgot me, forgot everything, except that special. In a trice he had another engine tearing up the track to get to Riolado from a point a few miles away, and then he cleared the track and gave the scenery the right of way clear to Nashville. That run of 185 miles from Riolado to Nashville stands as a southern record today, but it burned up nearly every car in the outfit to make it. The special arrived thirty minutes before opening time. I had an army of wagons and men waiting for it, and before the curtain was rung up every stick of it was in place.'

"What did the major say?" was asked.

"The next day he sent for me and said, 'Young man, the next time you have one of those nutty hunches hit the main line and see me before it works off.'"—S. G. A. in Chicago Record-Herald.

Learning to Dodge.

Wall Street—So your son is studying law. Do you expect that he will stick to it? Speculator—Oh, no! I just want him to know enough about it so that he will be able to evade it successfully.—Detroit Free Press.

The Omnibus.

The omnibus is probably the slowest, the least comfortable and the most uncertain type of vehicle built since the ark.—London Express.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c

A TRINITY OF EVILS.

Mr. Martin Montgomery, of Silvara, Pa., formerly of Roxbury, N. Y., writing to Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., said:

"Your new medicine, Cal-cura Solvent, is wonderful. It cured me of liver and kidney troubles, and rheumatism, after a lot of weary dosing with things that did no good. It is a record breaker and no mistake."

It is because Cal-cura Solvent acts on the kidneys and liver and at the same time expels uric acid from the blood, that it is such a reliable remedy for rheumatism and the attendant disorders. It cures by removing the cause, therefore the cure is permanent, safe and sure. All druggists, $1.00.

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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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How Health Is Gained.

The story of a great deal of the unhappiness of women is a story of lost health. Women wonder how it is that little by little the form loses plumpness, the cheeks grow hollow and sallow, and they feel tired and worn out all the time. In a large proportion of cases when women are weak, run-down and falling off in flesh and looks, the root of the trouble can be traced to womanly diseases which undermine the general health. The proof of this is that women who have been cured of painful womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have recovered their general health, gained in flesh and in appearance.

$500 Reward for Women Who Cannot be Cured.

The proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb, which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"I suffered for three years with ovarian trouble," writes Mrs. Ann Quinn (Treasurer Woman's Athletic Club) of 602 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis. "The treatment I took did not do me a particle of good, until a good neighbor who had been using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription advised me to give it a trial. The next day took my first dose, and it was my first step toward recovery. In nine weeks I was a different woman; my flesh which had been flabby became firm, complexion clear and my eyes bright. It was simply an indication of the great change within from pain and suffering to health and happiness."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 2, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The P., S. & N. R. R. has a change of time table in this issue.

—Redfield's Hardware advertises bargains in horse blankets in this issue.

—C. P. Killmer of Warren has accepted a position in the plumbing shop of H. H. Redfield.

—Cut prices on all winter clothing and furnishings is advertised by "Ike" Simons of Bradford.

—The Olean Glass Company's plant at North Olean was badly damaged by fire last Friday night.

—By consulting the new ad of Mrs. Mary L. Bisott you will know just what she has in the line of valentines.

—William Reigle was fatally injured by falling from a lumber dock at Galeton recently. He died the following day.

—H. W. Rubin, who has been confined to the house for some time past, is again able to attend to his duties in his clothing store.

—C. W. Shiffler has accepted a position as traveling salesman with the Smith & Horton Company, wholesale jewelers of Warren, Pa.

—A white goods sale is advertised by the Lindholm Company in an enlarged space this week. Some rare bargains are offered which should attract careful buyers.

—According to the Eldred Eagle it is doubtful if the cutlery plant will be moved from there to Bradford, but in case it is another will be started by local capital.

—The Elk Enterprise is the name of a new paper published at St. Marys. It fills the place of the Herald, is neatly typographically, bright and newsy and we wish it success.

—Alonzo Whiteman, who escaped from detectives near Dunkirk four months ago by jumping out of a parlor window, was arrested at his mother's home in Dansville, N. Y., Saturday morning.

—A bad mixup of horses, sleighs, lumber and wood and men occurred on the C. P. Manning job in Coleman Hollow Monday morning, when three heavily loaded teams were crowded down a steep hill landing in a heap at the foot. One horse belonging to Joe Dunton was killed. The drivers were uninjured.

—The firm of Wright & Terwilliger has been dissolved by mutual consent, Henry Wright retiring. Myron Terwilliger will continue to run the meat market and his many friends wish him success.

—The coreless apple has arrived. In color it is red dotted with yellow. It is without seeds and resembles the seedless orange in that a slightly hardened substance makes its appearance at the navel end. But this can be obliterated by culture. It is estimated that by 1906 there will be 3,500,000 of these trees bearing fruit in the orchards of the world.

—The sportsmen in many of the rural districts in the northern part of the State are electing delegates to attend a meeting of the State Game Commission at Harrisburg on the 31st inst., to enter protests against the proposed amendments to the game and fish laws, now in the hands of a few representatives elected from the southern game preserves. These protests should be made so loud that the Legislature would come to the conclusion that there are other sportsmen in Pennsylvania besides a few of the rich preserve owners.

Two Ways of Doing Business.

I have seen in London only one office where there is any real enthusiasm. And the employees seldom have any interest in the business beyond drawing their salaries. In most of the factories, and even in the offices, they are taught a certain round of duties, and they are allowed to do nothing else. They seldom suggest improvements for fear of losing their places, where in America they'd soon lose their places if they didn't make suggestions. Here it's the firm in its private offices and everybody else doing as little as possible and never stepping out of the rut they're put in, and there it's everybody working together, coats off, and the head of the concern glad to listen to the office boy and to do as he says if it means results.—Vanity Fair.

Ancient Eggs In China.

A German epicure comes to the rescue of the Chinese in regard to their alleged habit of eating rotten eggs. The eggs, he says, are simply preserved in lime until they get a consistency like that of hard butter and they taste somewhat like lobster. He declares them one of the choicest delicacies he has ever eaten. He thinks there are no better cooks in the world than the Chinese. When he went to live among them his friends predicted he would starve, but he had a good time and gained weight, more than he wanted to.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Led All the Guests.

In the days of King George III. of England the Persian ambassador to his court demanded, but was denied, precedence over all other foreign representatives. He refused to go to court, causing it to be reported abroad that he was ill. He met the prince regent at the house of the Lady Salisbury of the time. "I am very sorry to offend your royal highness by not going to court," he said. "Now, sir, my sovereign, he tell me I go first; your people say I must go last. Now, this very bad for me when I go back to Persia." So saying, he made a significant pass toward his head, expressing decapitation. The prince tried to appease him. "But, sir, you still angry with me. You have not invited me to your party tomorrow night." The prince explained that it was only a children's party, but the ambassador might come if he chose. He did choose, for he went and, being the only ambassador there, led all the guests, thus scoring heavily for Persia, which made him comfortable about the neck again.

Restoring Faded Ink.

Faded ink on old documents, papers, parchments, etc., may be restored so as to render the writing perfectly legible. The process consists in moistening the paper with water and then passing over the lines a brush which has been wetted with a solution of sulphide of ammonia. The writing will immediately appear quite dark in color, and this color in the case of parchment will be preserved. On paper, however, the color will gradually fade again, but on a fresh application of the sulphide of ammonia it will reappear. Writing executed in ordinary ink which has been rendered illegible by age may be restored by carefully moistening it with an infusion of galls or a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium slightly acidulated with hydrochloric acid. Care must be taken to apply the liquid so as to prevent the ink from spreading.

Sandy's Initiation.

A Scottish gillie was invited by the laird to take a pull at his flask after guiding the first fish of the day.

"I canna trink oot a bottle," protested the gillie, with a frown of disapproval.

"Weel, try, Sandy," said the laird encouragingly. And Sandy tried—tried so thoroughly that the laird gazed in unfeigned awe and admiration as the whisky gurgled and gurgled out of the flask down the swarthy throat until with scarce a heel tap left in it, the "pot o' pisky" was handed back to the owner.

"Hoot, Sandy, maybe ye were right maybe ye canna trink oot of a bottle," gasped the laird, with a mighty sigh, "but, eh, mon, ye'd soon learn!"—Billy's Magazine.

Benefits of Proper Breathing.

The habit of slow, measured, deep breathing that covers the entire lung surface is of more value and importance than you will ever believe until you have tried it, and when you have established the habit of breathing in this manner you will say some remarkable things in its favor. It will reach all points of your physical system. All the benefits that occur from a healthy condition of the blood will in a greater or less degree be yours, for the manner and completeness with which the inspired air comes in contact with the blood in the lungs are of the utmost importance to every vital process.—Christian Work and Evangelist.

Hissing In the Theater.

Formerly there was no hissing in the theater. The benevolent audience were content to yawn and fall asleep. The invention of hissing is no older than 1680 and took place at the first representation of "Aspar," a tragedy of Fontenelle, so we are told by the poet Roi in his "Brevet de la Calotte." A farce was produced in Bannister's time under the title of "Fire and Water." "I predict its fate," said Bannister. "What fate?" whispered the anxious author at his side. "What fate?" said Bannister. "Why, what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

In Light Distress.

A new term was heard the other day. An old lady and her two daughters came into a millinery store. The young women wore mourning hats. The old woman said to the clerk: "I want a mourning hat, for I am in mourning. But my datter here," indicating, "is a widder of two years' standing, and she is in light distress. Give her a hat with blue feathers on it."—Chicago News.

Schoolboy Humor.

Etc. is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do.

The equator is a menagerie lion running around the center of the earth.

The zebra is like a horse, only striped and used to illustrate the letter Z.

A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box.—Definitions by London School Children.

That Was Different.

Mrs. Tittle—What a beautiful world it must have been when there were only Adam and Eve in it. There was nobody to say nasty things about them. Mrs. Tuttle—But, then, they had nobody to talk about. Mrs. Tittle—Well, I guess, after all, the world has improved since their time.—Boston Transcript.

A Dreadful Disappointment.

"They say he was disappointed in love."

"Yes. Her father failed in business just a week before the day set for the wedding."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Bliss of Riches.

"Money," said the wise man, "does not bring happiness."

"Oh, yes, it does," said the still wiser man, "if you have just enough of it."—Chicago Tribune.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1099 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Their Excessive Grief.

Lord Brampton related that once while he was plain John Hawkins he defended a man for wife murder. The prisoner's two children, dressed in black and sobbing violently, were in court, and their grief and the lawyer's eloquent speech combined to acquit the defendant. That evening at dinner he met an old inhabitant of the neighborhood, who complimented him upon his speech. "However," he added, "I think that if you had seen what I did when driving past the prisoner's cottage last week you would not have painted the home in such glowing colors. The little children who sobbed so violently in court this morning and to whom you made such pathetic reference were playing on an ash heap near their cottage, and they had a poor cat with a string round its neck swinging backward and forward, and as they did so they sang:

"This is the way poor daddy will go,
This is the way poor daddy will go!

"Such, Mr. Hawkins, was their excessive grief."

Bengalese Superstitions.

Among the Bengalese it is said that shouting the name of the king of birds (garunda) drives away snakes. Shouting "Ram! Ram!" drives away ghosts. Cholera that attacks on Monday or Saturday always proves fatal. Cholera that attacks on Thursday never ends fatally. The flowering of the bamboo means famine. In fanning if the fan strike the body it should be instantly knocked three times against the ground. When giving alms the giver and receiver should both be on the same side of the threshold. It is bad to pick one's teeth with the nails. If a snake be killed it should immediately be burned, for all serpents that are so unwise as to permit of having their lives taken are inhabited by the souls of Brahmans, which hope thus to escape and work mischief. The words "snake" and "tiger" should never be used after nightfall. Call them "creepers" and "insects." Never awaken a sleeping physician. Morning dreams always come true.

Women Slaves In Palestine.

In Palestine the mother of men is the servant of men. Being a part of the household chattels, she is sold for as large a sum as her father can extort from the prospective bridegroom. She is a thing, a piece of goods. The father of a bride in his family calls himself after the boy's name, but his girl babe is not reckoned among his children. Her infant shoulders learn to bear the burdens. Her little feet patter their way to the fountain even from the moment their tiny strength can support the weight of the jar. Her whole life is one of grinding, baking, fetching water, waiting upon others. At twelve she is sold into married service. Growing old in middle life, she may see herself supplanted by a younger wife, often being robbed of her sons by the military conscription, and finally she is put away as the last breath is leaving her body.—Corwin Knapp Linson in Metropolitan Magazine.

Trees Which Cause Headache.

A curious member of the vegetable kingdom has been discovered in the far east. It is a species of acacia which grows to a height of about eight feet and when full grown closes its leaves together in curls each day at sunset and curls its twigs in the form of a pigtail. After the tree has settled itself in this way for a night's sleep, like most sleepers, it objects to being disturbed. If touched it will flutter as if agitated and impatient at the interruption of its slumbers. The oftener the foliage is molested the more violent becomes the shaking of the branches, and at length the tree emits a nauseating odor, which if inhaled for a few moments will cause a violent headache.

Stopped the Rain.

In the sixteenth century, it is alleged, there was a successful effort made to stop rain by the use of gunpowder. Benvenuto Cellini tells us in his memoirs that when Margaret of Austria entered Rome it rained heavily. "I pointed several large pieces of artillery in the direction where the clouds were thickest and whence a deluge of water was already pouring; then when I began to fire the rain stopped, and at the fourth discharge the sun shone out."

Would Have Use For His Eyes.

"Want to get off again, do you?" roared the boss. "This will be the sixth time you've been off this week. What's the trouble now?"

"I want to get my eyes examined," sullenly replied the clerk.

"Well, get 'em carefully examined while you're about it. You'll be looking for work after Saturday night."—Pittsburg Post.

The Little Things.

Life is made up of little things—words, acts, duties, pleasures. They come to us one after another, calling us out of ourselves, or seem to rush hurriedly past us, and they leave an impress on our spirit, and our characters are made or marred by their influence.—Rev. B. Lowry.

Took Away Her Opportunity.

"What's the matter with your wife?"

"Oh, I've just acknowledged that I made a fool of myself in lending Hammersley $25, and she's mad because there's no chance to go on arguing about it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Big Difference.

"I hear she is to marry an old fellow with a million dollars."

"Her idea is that she's going to marry a million dollars with an old fellow attached."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.—Cooper.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

Too Advanced For Him.

In Chicago there is a principal of one of the public schools who in his college days was considered something of a "shark" at Latin and at many other studies besides. What he did not know about physiology was hardly worth knowing. He was a "grind" and a scholarship man.

His little girl, aged six, is now a pupil at the experimental school at the university, where she learns many things out of the order of public school education. Recently she fell and hurt herself. Her father found her crying.

"What's the matter, Noreen?" he asked.

"I fell and bumped my patella," she replied. Remember this was in Chicago, and not in Boston.

Papa was sympathetic. "Poor little girl!" he said, and proceeded with the best intentions to examine her elbow. Noreen broke away in disgust.

"Huh!" she snorted. "Haven't you never learned anything? I said my patella! That isn't my elbow. My elbow is my great sesamoid."

Papa went for a Latin dictionary.

The Benefit of Fairy Tales.

It is very reasonable to argue that no creation of human fancy could last as fairy tales have lasted through no one knows how many hundreds and thousands of years unless it was very good. For that which is not good and not sound must surely die, and only that which is good and sound shall last through the grinding of the ages.

So I believe that parents should fill their children's imaginations full of fairy tales if they would make those imaginations strong and healthy. As for that man or woman who has not those bright and joyous things of fancy flying like golden bees through the dim recesses of his memory, I can only say that I think his or her parents must have been neglectful of the earlier training of their child and that I am sorry for that poor soul who has lost so much pleasure out of its life.—Howard Pyle in Book News.

Balky Steam Boilers.

According to an engineer, though there may be every reason present why a steam boiler should steam there are occasions when it simply will not. It refuses duty and sulks without any cause that can be detected. On such occasions every one takes a hand at the fires, but the result is the same, no steam or only enough to keep three quarters speed. Marine and stationary boilers are both thus afflicted. There are "good days" and "bad days" in the performance of each.—Chicago News.

A Washout Victim.

"Say, mister," said the tattered tramp, "can't youse stake me to er dime? I'm de victim uv er washout."

"Victim of a washout!" echoed the portly citizen in evident surprise.

"Dat's wot," rejoined the tramp. "Honest, I ain't had nuthin' but water ter drink fer more'n ten days."—Chicago News.

DOUBLY JOYFUL

holidays are in store for those who accept our services First because our

Plumbing

is the kind that stays good for a long time. Second because we do it quickly and get away. Third because our bill means a substantial saving over the usual charges for such work. Any plumbing to do?

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK Smethport.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE.

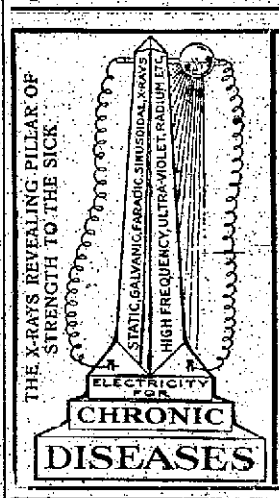
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc, Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists



J. W. KING, M. D.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for the Treatment of Cancer, Tuberculosis, Lupus, and other ailments rebellious to medical and surgical means. The oldest X-Ray and Electrical Laboratory, for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment of diseases, in Western Pennsylvania.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport,

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's BAKERY IS THE PLACE FOR PIES, COOKIES, CAKES, BREAD, ETC.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per inc for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 2, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR SHERIFF.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.
BURT MCALLISTER.
Bradford, Jan. 2, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.
Smethport, Jan. 4, 1905.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

EDITOR MINER:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries.
SAMUEL E. BELL.
Smethport, Jan. 28, 1905.

FOR RECORDER OF DEEDS

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Recorder of Deeds, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
H. M. CHOATE.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

REGISTER OF WILLS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
JOHN B. EASTMAN.
Smethport, Jan. 30, 1905.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries.
JOHN A. PETERSON.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries.
GEORGE GRIFFITHS.
Kane, Pa., Jan. 24, 1905.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

The MINER is authorized to announce H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett as a candidate for District Attorney, subject to the action of the Republican party.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
OSCAR EGGLESTON.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 24, 1905.

THE United States Supreme Court has upheld the decision of the lower court in the cases against the beef trust, and several of the large companies are now perpetually enjoined from further operations. It is also alleged that some may be criminally indicted.

KING EDWARD at a recent court function paid Ambassador Choate some very nice compliments. He congratulated him on what he had accomplished during his term of office, giving him credit for bringing about the friendliness between Great Britain and the United States.

THE past week has brought forth some lively fighting between the Japs and Russians, with decided victories for the Japanese. In an engagement south of Mukden it is reported that the Russians lost 10,000 and the Japs 3000. An attack on the British consul at Warsaw Saturday has brought about strained relations with Great Britain.

DANGER of a revolution in Russia has somewhat subsided according to late reports. Sunday 160 poor mortals were killed or wounded by soldiers at Warsaw. Later the Czar received a delegation of 32 workmen, expressed his sympathy and $25,000 was given for the support of the families of the killed and wounded in the affair of Jan. 22. They are also promised more liberal treatment in the future.

IN this issue will be found the announcement of John B. Eastman as a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. For the past two years Mr. Eastman has held this office, performing his duties in a most satisfactory manner. He is an able young man, and his genial and obliging disposition has won him many friends who are confident of his nomination and election.

JOHANN HOCH steps forward to the centre of the stage, while Mrs. Chadwick, Nan Patterson and other celebrities are temporarily forgotten. Johann is noted as the modern Bluebeard, who has hypnotized 20 women and married them for pecuniary gain. He made a specialty of deceiving the ladies and there are stories to the effect that some of his wives did not live long after having met him. He will have much to explain when he is placed on trial.—Bradford Era.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
Washington, D. C., Jan. 28, 1905.

Hon. Champ Clark, a member of Congress from Missouri, selected a more popular theme for his wit in the advocacy of higher pay for the school teachers of the District of Columbia than he frequently has the fortune to exploit. There are few men or women in the United States remembering their own school days who do not believe the teachers who drilled knowledge into their heads were entitled to higher pay than they got, and of that great army who have been school teachers, not a dissenting voice to the teachers' right to higher pay could be found. Champ Clark himself belongs to this army, and in language vivid, if not Addisonian, he described to the House of Representatives his experiences and opinions. He informed Congress and the country that he was a teacher at fifteen and the president of the college at twenty-three years of age. If Macauley were still alive he might add Champ Clark to the list of his "warnings to the eminent and consolations to the obscure" with the explanation that Byron and Bonaparte were scarcely in it with Mr. Clark, for they were twenty-four and twenty-five respectively when they had achieved fame, while Mr. Clark was president of a college at twenty three. Inasmuch as Mr. Clark was president only one year it may be presumed that the college saw in time the injustice it was doing the nation in keeping him out of politics. The school ma'rms did not get the increase of salary demanded, but they had saved money enough to buy bouquets for Mr. Clark and his desk at the Capitol was covered with their tributes of appreciation.

The army appropriation bill has passed and through the efforts of Senator Lodge and other near friends of the President the appropriation has been made so as to allow full pay to General Miles, notwithstanding he will be drawing pay on the military staff of Governor Douglass of Massachusetts. During the debate on the army bill Senator Hale of Maine who is the perhaps the star grumbler of the Senate took occasion to criticise with great severity the army staff bill which was passed at the last session of Congress through the urgent efforts of Ex-Secretary Root and bitterly opposed by General Miles. It is well known that under the old system the official corps of our army was about as obsolete in its organization and about as ineffective in its action as would be an old flint lock musket for military purposes. All Asia, to say nothing of Europe, had adopted a far more modern and effective system, but the old system finds its eulogist in such boudoir strategists as Senator Hale of Maine. It came out in the debate that he had had to wait ten minutes or to "cool his heels" as he expressed it an office of the war department for an interview with one of the military officers appointed, under the new law. 'Twas not always thus" and Senator Hale looks back on a time when he did not have to complain of "cold feet."

President Roosevelt continues to make speeches and write letters to everybody and on every subject. It is almost marvelous that any man can talk and write so much and make so few breaks. A deputation of Episcopal bishops charged with anti-divorce thunder called on him yesterday and he told them in substance that he was with them in everything that tended to the promotion of family ties and home stabilities and large families. The President has been twice married and is the father of six children, so that doubtless he feels equipped to have a heart to heart talk with the nation on its marital affairs whenever the opportunity presents. The Washington clergyman who said that while he was an ardent admirer of the President he could wish that Roosevelt was not so bent on being the "father of us all" is probably not surprised to finding him expressing himself on the divorce problem. Having undertaken to adjust strikes, trusts, railroads, the tariff, the navy, the currency and the size of our families he probably regards the divorce question as "dead easy," but as a Senator said: "The man who is competent to talk about divorce is the man who has procured a divorce or tried and failed, and a happily married man has no more right to dictate divorce laws than bachelors have to make rules for the care of babies." Whether this is logical or not is difficult to say but the bishops regard the work of securing the President as an accomplice in virtue as the most important part of their accomplishment of their conference here.

Senators Hale and Bacon, who in a spasm of jealousy for the rights of the Senate, temporarily forgot the constitution of the United States or thought the President was about to set it aside in his transaction with the little Republic of Santo Domingo have had their timid apprehensions allayed by a communication from the State Department. The new relations between the countries by which the United States will assume the right to administer the affairs of Santo Domingo cannot be brought about without a treaty and in due course of events the Senate must give its consent to the treaty. That it will also give its advice no one acquainted with that deliberate and verbose body will doubt Senators Bacon and Hale will yet be heard from.

President Roosevelt, whose energy is unflagging, will break away from Washington cares Monday and go to Annapolis where he will present the Naval Academy diplomas and make the graduates an address. No one can safely predict what the President will say for there is little of the conventional and hackneyed in his speeches. He is perhaps the only President whose audiences have been much interested to get nearer than mere seeing distance. Since the time in the theatre in Washington when he commended by name a local livery stable keeper for a charitable act seats in the bald headed row when the President performs are at a premium.

Horses for Sale.

For sale four good business horses weighing from 950 to 1000 pounds; age disposition and prices are right. If you want a horse come and see us.
A. T. PALMER,
B. D. AMES.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 19, 1905.

Go to Charles Lemmler for robes, blankets and bells. No better line can be found.

Ladies call at Rabin's shoe store for the Acme Cushion shoe.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
ONE NIGHT ONLY
Tudsday, February 7,
THE GREAT
BRINDAMOUR & NAIADA CO.
TWO BIG SHOWS IN ONE.
THE GREAT BRINDAMOUR
The World's Renowned Magician and Handcuff King.
NAIADA
Europe's Latest Spectacular Dancing Sensation.
BABY GEORGETTE
The Cleverest Child Artist on the American Stage.
ANETTA
The Floating Lady. Defies all Laws of Gravitation.
BLANCHE FERRIS
Sensational Toe Dancer.
Two and One-Half Hours of Mystery Fun and Laughter.
Prices 25, 35 and 50c
Seats on sale at Wells' Drug Store.

NO GUESSING NECESSARY
Where to go for a BARGAIN in a Suit or an Overcoat. We always sell the best goods at the lowest price possible, but to secure
THE SAME GOODS
at prices as quoted below should cause you to come here to be fitted at once:
$18.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $18.50 to $20.
$11.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $13.50 to $15.
$ 8.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $10.50 to $12.50, and
$5.00 Suits or Overcoats go now for $5.00.
Other goods reduced too.
WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

DENTISTRY.
Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed
DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

SMOKERS
SHOULD TRY
STEBER'S
CIGARS
for a good, sweet, satisfying smoke as they are the highest type of five cent cigar made, and have the ear marks of a ten cent cigar.
Try one and you will become a regular customer. Ask for
DAVIS BRAND
You cannot get them anywhere except of
J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .
Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.
When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.
Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody
Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

L. K. Hogarth
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS
Prescriptions accurately compounded.
LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES
We carry in stock all the latest
MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.
Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.
Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.
L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist,
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

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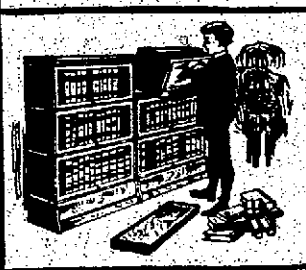
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"ELASTIC" BOOKCASE
with perfect end-locking device, perfection roller-bearing dust-proof doors. A perfect sectional bookcase for home or office. Call and see it, or send for catalogue.

VALENTINES
The largest and most up-to-date line ever shown in our town. All the late novelties in scenic and mechanical Valentines, also a fine assortment of fancy postal cards suitable for the season. You are sure to find the latest goods here.
MARY L. BISETT, CITY STORE.

BIG REDUCTIONS
IN
HEAVY SUITS
AND
OVERCOATS.
COME EARLY AND GET FIRST CHOICE.
H. W. RUBIN, METHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

TAKING AN ACCOUNT OF STOCK AT STORE OF D. C. YOUNG.
To those who are interested in bargains would say, that I have arranged a bargain counter in my store and many things will be sold at cost and even less to close out the stock and make room for new spring goods.
I would particularly mention a lot of felt shoes, slippers, etc. Any one interested will be welcome to look over these goods whether they buy or not, and you will undoubtedly find many things which can be used at greatly reduced prices.
This will only last while the Inventory is going on.
D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
January 3, 1905.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR
Fall and Winter Clothing
with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from an if you are thinking of getting a
SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS
made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line befo going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A tri will convince you.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLEC
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTION
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOE
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICE

GROCERIES
As you know we have always carried a class line of groceries, but perhaps you do know that we have in our store a fancy stock groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In stock you will find all the table delicacies usu found in a large city store.
We also have the best oysters in town and t are always fresh.
Hagberg & Sherburne.

FEBRUARY
WHITE GOODS SALE!

What woman does not like beautiful fine white goods? We have the finest, in quality, workmanship, and at a saving to you if you buy now. The great popularity of these sales has warranted us in buying a much larger and more beautiful line than in previous seasons. Early selections are always more satisfactory, especially at prices like these.

India Linons 5c to 25c yd. Persian Lawns 25c to 50c yd. Swisses 35c to 50c yd. French Lawns 50c to 75c yd. Dimities 10c to 35c yd. Long Cloths 10c to 25c yd. Nainsooks 15c to 35c yd. Mesalias 30c to 35c yd. New Spring Laces and Embroideries, Cambrics, Handkerchief Linens. Fine Embroidered Swisses, the newest creation for ladies dresses. Kimonas and Dressing Sacques.

GALLAND BROS.' SANITARY MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

CORSET COVERS.

19c—Good quality muslin, embroidery or lace trimmed.

25c—Good muslin, hemstitched embroidery on neck and arm holes.

35c—Fine muslin, torcion lace and insertion trimmed.

48c—Cambric, deep lace trimming on neck and arm holes.

50c—Nainsook, wide embroidery trimmed.

50c—Fine Nainsook with handsome wide lace trimmings.

Better Covers up to $3.50 each.

GOWNS.

48c—Muslin gowns, either lace or embroidery trimmed.

59c—Good muslin gowns, embroidery trimmed.

75c—Fine quality muslin gown, trimmed with embroidery.

89c—Beautiful fine muslin gowns, either lace or embroidery trimmed.

98c—Cambric gown with ten tucks in back, round yoke and embroidery trimmed.

$1.19—Fine cambric gowns, with all over embroidery yoke and embroidery trimmed.

$1.25—Nainsook gown, embroidery trimmed or round lace yoke and lace trimmed cambric gown.

Better values up to $3.50 each.

CHEMISE.

98c—A good muslin chemise, embroidery trimmed.

$1.79—Cambric chemise, lace and insertion trimmed.

SKIRTS.

48c—Good muslin skirts, having deep hemstitched flounce with three rows of tucking.

79c—Good muslin skirts, deep flounce trimmed with ten rows of tucking.

98c—Muslin skirts with fifteen inch flounce, lace and insertion trimmed.

$1.00—Fine muslin skirts with fifteen inch flounce, trimmed with good quality lace and three rows of insertion.

$1.19—Cambric skirt with fifteen inch lawn flounce, trimmed with embroidery and four rows tucking.

$1.25—Cambric skirt with eighteen inch lawn flounce, embroidery trimmed.

$1.50—Fine cambric skirt with fourteen inch lawn flounce, trimmed with three rows of wide torcion lace.

$1.69—Very fine cambric skirts with thirteen inch flounce, trimmed with fine wide embroidery.

Better values up to $3.75 each.

DRAWERS.

Misses' hemstitched and tucked muslin drawers, 18c and 25c.

25c—Fine muslin drawers with umbrella hemstitched and tucked ruffle.

48c—Fine muslin drawers with umbrella ruffle, trimmed with embroidery and three rows of tucking.

50c—Good muslin drawers, umbrella ruffle, with two groups of hemstitced tucks.

59c—Cambric or fine muslin drawers, umbrella ruffles, trimmed with embroidery and insertion.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

MONARCH SHIRT $1.50 & $1.50

FRY & COMES

Torchon Lace Special

2700 Yards OF TORCHON LACES AND INSERTIONS at **5c per yd.**

Looks like a lot of it for a town of this size, but it's all here to the last yard—had to take just that much to make this great bargain possible.

There's anything you could possibly want from the fine dainty patterns to the heavier thread laces in widths ranging from one to four inches. The narrowest is easily a bargain at five cents, the wider ones you would cheerfully pay ten to twenty cents per yard for. Buy early. Big as the lot is it won't last long.

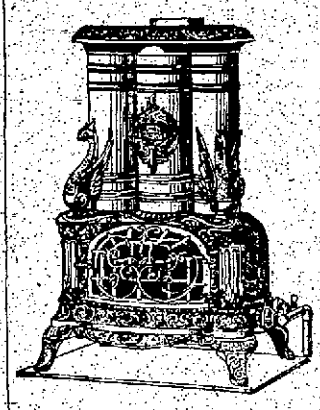
WHITE GOODS FOR 1905

The new white wash goods have just arrived. More about them next week, meanwhile drop in and have a look.

FURS--A few good ones left at 1-2 PRICE

Final reductions to close them out.

FRY & COMES



JUST A MOMENT

Really, we don't expect to be able to tell you all the good points about

GARNET JEWEL HEATERS

in "just a moment," bnt what we would like to do is to secure your attention long enough to impress upon you the merits of this THE MOST EFFECTIVE HEATER FOR NATURAL GAS MADE.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

PRILL

Has the stock you should see before purchasing elsewhere.

DIAMONDS

Of the finest quality

ONE PRICE TO ALL

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
Lies in our store waiting to be seen;
And as you see, and handle, and admire,
You'll wonder that the prices are not higher.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

WATCHES

All makes and grades at the lowest prices.

Hawkes' Cut Glass,
Genuine Bronzes,
Silk Umbrellas,
Beautiful Opera Glasses

BELL PHONE 473. BELL PHONE 473.

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS

During this month we will give Great Reductions on all Ladies' and Children's Coats, Furs, Children's Fur Sets, Ladies' Skirts, Flannel Waists, Infants' Cloaks, Silk, Wool or Bearskin Hoods. In fact, all winter goods must be closed out at a great sacrifice.

All Millinery sold regardless of cost.

Elegant trimmed hats at about one-half regular price.

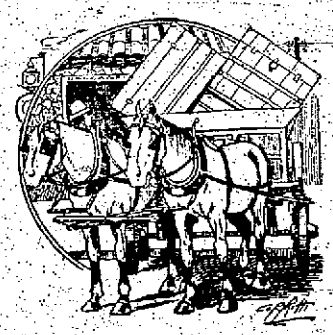
Now is your chance to prepare for the winter with little money.

NEW IDEA PATTERNS 10c. NEW IDEA MAGAZINES 5c.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN,

BARGAINS IN

HORSE BLANKETS



We have sold practically all of our stable blankets, but have an even dozen of the celebrated "Chase" Street Blankets we are very desirous to sell, not wanting to carry them over to another winter, so have marked them at less than cost to move them.

Our $1.65 Blankets at $1.27—A mighty good blanket for the money.

Our $2.00 Blankets at $1.53—One of our best sellers.

Our $2.25 Blankets at $1.70—Makes a pair of good ones, $3.40.

Our $4.00 Blankets at $2.99—This blanket is cheap for $4.00.

Our $3.25 Blankets at $2.50—You have paid $3.50 for a poorer one.

Our $4.00 Blankets at $2.99—Only one left, a great bargain.

Our $4.25 Blankets at $3.33—One of the best blankets made.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 2, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Saturday night was a busy one in police circles.

—Hear Miss Kimble at the Baptist church Saturday night.

—Mr. G. Hog came out and blinked in the sunshine this morning.

—The new advertisement of Fry & Comes this week is interesting.

—Born, to Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton, on Saturday, Jan. 28, a boy.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. John Sommersgill on Monday, Jan. 30, a girl.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer entertained the Ladies' Euchre Club yesterday afternoon.

—The Ladies' Whist Club was entertained by Miss Mollie King Monday afternoon.

—Six more weeks of this beautiful winter weather according to the ground hog prophets.

—Quite a number of the Swedish Mission congregation attended church at Blomster Hollow last evening.

—Thermometers here registered 20 degrees below zero Monday morning, which is the coldest so far this winter.

—Attend the Brindamour entertainment at the Lyceum Tuesday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Thompson of Condersport recently celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

—The Smethport Lyceum orchestra furnished music for a dance given at Eldred last Friday night for the benefit of the band of that place.

—Harold Backus is suffering with a badly burned foot, which he received tipping a basin of boiling hot water on that member last Wednesday evening.

—See the Brindamour Company at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening. It is a high-class vaudeville entertainment and it is highly spoken of where it has played.

—"Why Girls Go Wrong" was presented by a capable company before a fair sized audience at the Lyceum Monday night. The play is a comedy drama and each character was taken by a competent person.

—The Princess Victoria, daughter of King Edward, underwent an operation for appendicitis on Tuesday. She will recover. Some apprehension is felt that this may make the disease more popular than ever before.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (5th after the Epiphany) the services will be at 10:00 and 10:30 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m. The lessons will be on "The Holy Communion" and "The Tares, in Seed and Growth."

—Constable Peter Wagner of Mt. Alton shot Edward Barnes in the right shoulder with a 32-calibre revolver last Saturday night. The shooting grew out of a quarrel at Wagner's home after the Democratic primaries.—Barnes was taken to the Bradford hospital and is improving rapidly. We understand no arrests will be made.

—A certificate of merger of the Shawmut Connecting Railroad Company into the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company was filed at Albany, N. Y., Jan. 20. The merged road runs from a point in Genesee, Allegany county, to Portville, on the Pennsylvania State line, where it connects with the Western New York & Pennsylvania Railway Company.—St. Marys Gazette.

—Miss Eleanor Kimble will render Barbara Fritchie at the Baptist church Saturday evening. Speaking of her rendering of Barbara Fritchie the WilkesBarre Record says: In her interpretation she was remarkably successful, holding the entire attention of her audience. Miss Kimble has a well cultivated voice and excellent stage presence. She left an impression which cannot easily be erased.

—Charles Augustus Eichburger, who is spending the winter in Smethport, a guest at the Grand Central Hotel, has about completed arrangements with the Kane baseball fans to manage the Kane team this summer, and would be pleased to hear from good players wishing to sign with him for the coming season. He will leave soon for Geneva, where he will coach the Hobart varsity team, after which he will close arrangements with the Kane association.

—Col. L. Rogers left on mail last evening for Harrisburg, where he will attend the dinner given by Senator Lewis Emery at the Belleyne-Stratford hotel, to the members of the senate and employes, during the years of 1881 to 1885. Mr. Rogers was journal clerk of the senate at that time. Mr. Lemuel Davis, who was Sergeant at arms of the senate in 1883, was invited but was unable to accept owing to business matters requiring his attention.—Kane Republican.

—About two years ago a mail pouch was stolen from the "Pan-Am." depot at this place and all efforts to detect the thieves proved fruitless. A few days ago the pouch, rifled of its contents, was found on Sage's Hill, about one mile east of Emporium. Forest fires had burned it almost to a crisp, no doubt destroying any letters that may have been left behind. The lock was as good as ever. Postoffice Inspector S. E. Emmons of Bradford was in town investigating the matter.—Emporium Press.

WANETD—Girls from 16 to 25 years of age for steady employment all the year round at the silk mill in Bradford, Pa. Apply by letter or in person to the Silk Mill, Bradford, Pa.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hydes and furs.

Personal Mention.

James A. McKean visited Bradford on Tuesday.

F. L. Sherburne was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Miss Mayte Conley is visiting friends in Johnsonburg.

Miss Anna Berg is visiting in Mt. Jewett this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo Cory were visitors in Bradford Monday.

Mrs. Mary O'Day of Hazelhurst visited in town on Monday.

J. C. Backus returned home from a western trip on Tuesday.

Miss Cummings of Buffalo is visiting her cousin, Miss Forrest.

Miss Jessie Selover of Olean visited friends in town over Sunday.

Burdette Dickenson had business in Bradford the first of the week.

County Superintendent J. E. Myers had business in Bradford yesterday.

M. J. Norris is enjoying the refreshing lake breezes of Chicago this week.

W. A. Leonardson of Kane passed Sunday in town the guest of F. G. Lindholm.

C. A. Burdick and William Monhaimer left Saturday for a business visit to Chicago.

Mrs. H. W. Horner of Tionesta is visiting the family of E. T. Daly and other friends in town.

Miss Lulu Lindsley of Lawrenceville, Pa., is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Lindsley.

Miss Rachel Rubin returned home Tuesday from a week's visit with Miss Ruth Walker in Bradford.

Hon. Henry Hamlin and Orlo J. Hamlin have returned home from a Southern trip in company with Goodyear Brothers of Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Winderhole returned Monday from Rochester, N. Y., where they had been called by the death of a relative.

Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin, in company with her son, Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago, left Monday for an extended visit in Camden, S. C.

For National Bowling Tournament.

The directors of the National Bowling Tournament, after seeing a demonstration on Cap. Terry's alleys in Milwaukee have decided to equip the fourteen alleys to be used at the National Bowling Tournament with Backus Automatic Pin Setters. This tournament is to be held from Feb. 18 to 25 and thousands of the best bowlers and bowling alley managers from all over the country will be there and see the pin setters work. The fact that the directors of this tournament and the National Bowling Congress have put the stamp of approval on the Backus Automatic Pin Setter is proof that these machines are absolutely correct and a great improvement over any other method of setting pins. That they will have an enormous sale after this tournament is certain.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership between Henry Wright and Myron Terwilliger was dissolved on the 31st day of January, A. D. 1905, by mutual consent. All debts due to the said partnership are to be paid to them, or either of them, and those due from the same discharged at their late place of business in the borough of Smethport, Pa., where the business will be continued by Myron Terwilliger.

HENRY WRIGHT,
MYRON TERWILLIGER.

For Sale.

One good general purpose horse, 10 hundred pounds, good age and sound. One 2nd hand canopy top surrey nearly new. One 2nd hand single harness. One 2nd hand top buggy. One Mulholland spring buckboard, new. One set light bob sleighs, pole or shafts.

A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 2, 1905.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

House and Lots for Sale.

I offer for sale my house and barn on the north side of King street; also several very nice building lots within two minutes' walk of the court house.

W. F. SPECHT.

For Sale at Once Cheap.

Carpets, dining table, oak bedroom suit and other furniture.

A. L. YOUMANS,
Near Kushequa depot.

WANTED—Girls from 16 to 25 years of age for steady employment all the year round at the silk mill in Bradford, Pa. Apply by letter or in person to the Silk Mill, Bradford, Pa.

The Blue Flame Heater; just the proper thing. No smoke or smell.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Acme Cushion shoe for ladies is a relief to sore feet and corns. See them at Rubin's exclusive shoe store.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

A complete stock of Enamel Ware and kitchen Furniture at

Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 28th day of February, A. D. 1905, by William L. Hamilton, John Troy and Daniel M. Cooper, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and its supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Newton Chemical Company, the character and object of which is the manufacture and sale of wood alcohol, acetate of lime, charcoal, woodtar and other products from wood, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements. GORTON & RICHMOND, Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., Feb'y, 1905.

Rich Man, Poor Man!

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1904 by Frances Wilson

Before they reached the first ledge overlooking Sausalito a mist like floating globules of crushed pearl rolled noiselessly through the fissures of the hills and blotted out the village the bay and the towers and chimneys of San Francisco—in other words, the world In the damp air the girl's hair curled more distractingly than ever Never had he seen it when it framed the low forehead in so bewildering an arabesque of rings and curves and waves

"You look rather swell yourself she laughed in response to his eloquent glance of approval Knickers and a Norfolk cap and the jacket aren't half bad on you I like in connection with your cleft chin She went on throwing her head back and screwing up her eyes critically they make you look very prescribable youth indeed'

We won't talk about that' was the terse reply This walk to Point Bonita has an object

She opened her eyes wide

Certainly she assented pointedly 'Point Bonita for instance If it has any other object she went on sternly 'if you're going back to that old subject I won't go a step farther

By this time they were moving in the midst of a cloud

It was his turn to be innocent

You mean—oh' with a fine imitation of impatience doesn't a girl ever forget it if a fellow has once happened to fancy himself in love with her and said so'

The pink of the girl's cheeks—it and the soft furled look that is responsible for the slang adjective 'peachy'—deepened suddenly unaccountably Out of the tail of his eye the youth observed this interesting fact with cruel slow reflection, with a pang that it he should have chosen diplomacy as a vocation instead of confession

You should forgive and forget the sins of my youth he resumed You know you said that you would if I were better and truer and things what I mean now

—You claim much enough I must say she retorted with some heat 'It isn't even truth —

Since what? he challenged But she turned away and did not reply while the walls of mist lazily closed in on night and neither

What do you want to tell me she questioned at last in an oddly subdued manner He did not answer immediately but swung on ahead of her in the narrow path as if he were making a way for her through the mist So he had got over his love for her She felt a shuddering sense of desolation Still she argued she could scarcely have supposed he would go on curling especially since she had explained to him with judicial carefulness that she must marry a man with money on account of her mother and the younger girls.

Strangely enough though she had pictured herself as married to another there had always been a somber interesting figure hovering in the background of that picture one to whom she meant to be so kind so gentle so all sweet that his regret should become like a beautiful sad song—to be wept over and enjoyed And now the brute was asking her to forgive and forget that he had ever told her that he loved her!

They had reached the summit of a hill and he proposed that they sit down upon a convenient bowlder to rest before attempting the next one Apparently her silence was unnoticed

'You see fates been telling off my buttons lately he began in a business like tone and the decree is that it has got to be money'

What do you mean

Rich woman poor woman beggar woman squaw he elucidated touching the buttons on his jacket and the lot falls to rich woman every time It seems a beastly thing to think of—marrying for money I would be a cad enough to do it, but the thing is that there's a girl—a mighty fine girl—and I really—I—hang it, I like her! But how am I to tell whether it's the real thing or whether her money has something to do with it? You see there are reasons why I should have money right away, long before I can hope to gain it by my own efforts The governor is breaking down, and his affairs are in bad shape and there are the two kids and mother to provide for"

The girl's heart was sinking as the mercury does in a falling temperature All the joy of living seemed to be oozing away through her finger tips leaving her cold and inert He turned toward her curiously

Of course you don't think I'd consider such a thing if I were not forced to it by duty" he went on fervently "And I came to you because I thought you'd understand because circumstances are forcing you into the same thing They say you're going to marry Bradshaw You'll be a rich woman and a happy one I hope but, whether you are or not you will have done your duty by the family That will be your consolation and that's why I come to you in my difficulty What do you think—can I decently ask the girl to marry me? Remember, I like her but I'm not sure I love her!'

The fog which had seemed about to crush them softly a few moments before was now falling back, but they were still in a remote world With the very sight of habitations cut off from their view it was hard to believe in the reality of purple and fine linen, horses and carriages and gold Suddenly the scales fell from the girl's eyes, though she realized with a pang that it was too late She had put the only thing that mattered out of her life as thoughtlessly and carelessly as she would toss a pebble from her path She had not even realized what she was doing Down below, where the Bradshaw fortune cast its glamour everything had looked different She had thought that with money all things else must fall into place But here cut off from the world, the Bradshaw wealth seemed less than nothing and love the only thing

Farther and farther the fog receded showing thin in spots but still concealing the valley beneath them But she was very sure now Even when the world assumed its old proportions it would be the same She had had her lesson The peachblow that was gone from her cheeks and her eyes were grave and unchildish as she spoke

I'm not going to marry Grant Bradshaw she said steadily nor any other man whom I don't love So you see I can't help you after all I don't think I could ever really have meant to do such a thing'—

Her voice broke and the eyes that had been looking into his with appeal in, stronger than any words suddenly filled with tears

I'm such a silly' she explained rather unevenly 'but I like to be excused at such a time And I think you ought to be ashamed Jack' You're a man and you can make money for yourself and —'

But he seemed to be paying no attention to her words With deep absorption he was turning the buttons of her coat as if he were consulting an oracle

Rich man poor man beggar man thief he chanted Doctor lawyer merchant thief Rich man poor man' he stopped looking anxiously for another button but there was none there

You see' she gibed triumphantly Perhaps you've made a mistake in your own case too' And with a demure face she counted the buttons

Poor woman' she announced And then something in his glance brought the bloom back to her face and her head went down upon his shoulder

Like the pieces in the fog above were leaving two tinted specks that framed a tentative picture Down below the sun was shining on the blue waters of the bay on the trees and hedges and roofs which nestled the homes of the town Its gentle caught her breath She felt as if it were a confirmation of the love of the world to come

But what about our troubles she asked in a troubled voice when the mist had blotted out the pictures once more He hugged joyously

See that he said holding out his own right arm

Fact and Fiction

When the celebrated John Timbs of anecdote fame was subeditor of a London newspaper he one day commissioned one of the staff to accompany the hop pickers in Kent and to write for the journal an absolutely veracious account of his experiences

The faithful scribe to whom the task was intrusted performed his job with scrupulous care and attired as a hop picker he spent a whole week among his temporary comrades

In due course he returned to the editorial office and produced his copy Timbs read a portion of it and then burst into a great rage

'This won't do at all Mr Smith he exclaimed furiously 'Surely you must know this is far too coarse for insertion in our paper

'I was afraid that might be the case" calmly replied the reporter "Do you think this is better? Saying this he handed Timbs another manuscript

Timbs perused it and was delighted

The very thing, charming he exclaimed

'Ah I thought you would like that' said Smith That is what I wrote before I set out"—London Standard.

"Burning the Water"

Some readers will remember the spirited account given by Scott in Guy Mannering of the form of salmon fishing that used to be known as burning the water It was a favorite amusement in England Scotland and Wales The practice is no longer legal and can be indulged in only at the risk of penalties with the disgrace which attaches to things denounced as unsportsmanlike Torches were used, and the salmon were speared by the thrust of a weapon having barbed prongs called a leister Scott again may be quoted for his description of the spearing of salmon from horseback in the Solway The Tweed which was the river of his lifelong affections was one of the worst sufferers from burning the water in the days when it was permitted and it was computed that thousands of salmon were annually taken by this form of capture The water may be burned' even now here and there and in Wales a few years ago there was a short lived revival of the practice

Milo of Creton.

Of the wonderful athletes of all ages Milo of Creton is perhaps the most known He once ran a mile with an ox on his shoulders then with a blow of his fist killed the beast and ate it in one day The strongest man could not take from Milo a pomegranate which he held between his two fingers He could break by contracting his veins and muscles a cord tied around his forearm One day being in a house with some pupils of Pythagoras the ceiling threatened to fall in but Milo supported the column on which it rested, thus giving his friends time to escape His death is well known He tried to tear asunder the trunk of a tree, but his hands got pinched in the wood, and, being unable to disengage them, he perished, devoured by wild beasts.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

CIRCUS PERFORMERS.

To Them the Circus Is a Very Serious Affair

To circus people the circus is a very serious thing When a bareback rider slips to the ground after a somersault or a lofty tumbler misses the shoulder it is his business to land on the audience is all sympathy as if feeling itself how it is to fall before so many people Very little the performer cares for all the vast multitude. His mind is on the superintendent his particular superintendent who is watching him at the side of the arena and who, when he goes off is sure to ask very pointedly how his eye happened to be inaccurate or his muscles inflam There is no place in the circus for performers who fail

Even the clowns look a little bit serious behind the scenes But perhaps that is only because the black lines they paint on their whitened visages are always so glum and solemn And what a wilderness of fun making people there are in the latter day circus—the Bumpkin the Loon, the Harlequin the Grimace the Merry Andrew the Austrian Looby the Zany the Pierrot the Punch the Motley Fool and finally the German Broad Face whose name is Paddy Burke One of the clowns was setting on his trunk in the dressing room lifting a stick of black paint and rubbing it on his cheeks so as to make a most funereal expression The small boy asked him what kind of a clown he was He said that he was just Funny Tipster and he got his visiting card out of his trunk It read H Tipsker Clown and Comedian and it had a heavy gold rim which made it very imposing In the four corners it said Europe and Asia and Africa and America which showed that H Tipsker's fame had reached the four corners of the earth Until you saw his merry capers in the ring you never could believe that a man with such a serious face and such an imposing visiting card could be either funny or frisky—Metropolitan Magazine.

TRUTH OR PARADOX?

Life levels all men death reveals the eminent

Liberty means responsibility That is why most men dread it

While we live pain is the badge of all our tribe Death is the release which lets us escape the cry

Little distinguish he and I save in this the superior feel the need I most by the inferior

Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the competent few

Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you Their tastes may not be the same

Your word can never be as good as your bond because your memory can never be as trustworthy as your honor

If you strike a child take care that you strike it in anger even at the risk of maiming it for life A blow in cold blood neither can nor should be forgiven From George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman"

Puzzled by the Law

The librarian of the Congressional library tells a story of a colored man who came into the library and asked one of the assistants for a 'good law book' He explained that one of his neighbors intended to sue him and he wanted to get a book so he could find out the law

The clerk gave him a copy of a book called Every Man His Own Lawyer The colored man sat down at one of the desks and turned the pages of the book for an hour Then he came to the desk of the assistant and said

"Deed boss cain't you git me sump'n easier? Dis yere is de fifth edition Cain't I have de fust edition? Mebbe I cud understan' dat. I ain't bin git tin on right smart with dis yere fifth one"—Baltimore News

The Tools of Genius

Some of the greatest discoveries in physics and chemistry have been made with the simplest forms of apparatus and under the most modest conditions of laboratory equipment. One need only recall the achievements of the famous John Dalton and in later time of Sir Gabriel Stokes to illustrate the point As regards the latter a comment of Lord Rayleigh is of interest. Stokes experimental work, he says, was executed with the most modest appliances Many of his discoveries were made in a narrow passage behind the pantry of his house into the window of which he had a shutter fixed with a slit in it and a bracket on which to place crystals and prisms—London Telegraph

A False Report

'I have been told' said Mrs Oldcastle, that your daughter has been doing some wonderful things in pyrography"

'Oh no,' replied her hostess, she ain't been there at all The last letter we had from her she was in Pittsburg and thought she'd go right through to Washington —Chicago Record Herald

Both Could Do

Mrs Trut—My husband is a sort of jack of all trades he can do almost anything Mrs Gayboy—And mine is a sort of jack of clubs he belongs to fifteen different societies and can do almost anybody'—Detroit Free Press

Cause and Effect

Mifkins—Wasn't Benedict's death rather sudden and unexpected? Bifkins—Well, it was sudden, but not necessarily unexpected His wife had just graduated from a cooking school —Chicago News

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man, but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred who will stand adversity.—Goldsmith.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

HUTTON'S ONE RECIPE.

It Included a Paper Cutter Ink Eraser and Rubber Bands

Perhaps the most ingenious and the most original of all schemes for procuring autographs was from a lady in a western town She was raising funds for the building and support of a public library and she had conceived the idea of issuing a volume to be called The Authors' Recipe Book." Authors from all over the country the most distinguished of authors—always authors with a capital A—had been good enough to send her a list of the favorite dishes of their own construction with their method of making them

The cook book was one of the newer forms of literature to which the recipient had never turned his attention He had no more idea of cooking than he had of milking a cow or of harnessing a horse or of setting a hen or of building a chimney He did not even care what was cooked for him so long as it contained none of the ingredients of tripe and none of the essence of tonsil But he was asked to contribute a paper which she would have reproduced in facsimile stating what he could prepare most to his liking upon a kitchen range or in a chafing dish with his manner of procedure This quite perplexed him until he bethought himself of one particular and peculiar delicacy in the evolution of which he could safely trust his reputation as an expert In reply for which he received no thanks he sent

Take a long paper cutter attach to the same by means of rubber bands and securely an ink eraser insert the ink eraser firmly into a marshmallow plug and hold the same over a student's lamp or study fire until the marshmallow begins to sizz drops into the ashes puts out the light or burns your hand And eat while hot!

He has never seen a copy of 'The Authors Recipe Book' —Laurence Hutton in Critic

BULGING GUN BARRELS

The Ruin That Is Wrought by Careless Handling

I have sold guns for ten years and in that time four of them have had their barrels bulged one by slow outlay dirt and dry sand and one by something else getting into it One time a crawler got a little way up the muzzle He could not reach with his finger so I pushed it in with a wire and got it out but left a bulge like a pinhead on the end of the barrel In the next one I ran in the muzzle and shot it out and it too found the same kind of a bulge on the end of his gun Another did his gun it does which knocked him over on his back and finally got it from him When he picked up the gun he found a narrow ring around the barrel fourteen inches from the muzzle In this case a wad had probably lodged there This customer thinks the manufacturers ought to give him a new set of barrels I tell him if the barrels had not been good ones it would have been a burst instead of a bulge which might have maimed or killed him Another man lay logon a point brought down a duck with a broken wing which scurried for the water The man ran and struck the duck with the muzzle of the gun and in so doing got sand in it He blew most of it out and shot out the rest of it. Well after that shot he found a little bluster two inches from the muzzle about the size of a man's little finger

Moral—Do not shoot obstructions of any kind out of your gun if you value your life or gun —Uncle Dan in Amateur Sportsman

Something Wanted

A bachelor old and cranky, was sitting alone in his room His toes with the gout were aching and his face was o'erspread with gloom no little ones shouts to disturb him—from noises the house was free In fact from cellar to attic 'twas as still as still could be No medical aid was lacking his servants answered his ring respectfully answered his orders and supplied him with everything But still there was something wanted which he could not command—the kindly words of compassion, the touch of a gentle hand And he said, as his brow grew darker and he rang for the hireling nurse, 'Well marriage may be a failure, but this is a jolly sight worse"

A Water Candlestick.

A glass of water makes a fine emergency candlestick Weight one end of the candle with a nail just large enough to hold the candle in the water so that the water touches its top edge, but does not touch the wick and then light the candle It will burn until the last vestige of wick is gone and the flame will not flicker The melted tallow that runs down but serves to hold the candle more stationary —Blacksmith and Wheelwright.

Two Views

"A man's vote is too precious to be sold," said the patriot.

"Perhaps" answered Senator Sorghum, "although a number of people of my acquaintance regard it as too valuable to be given away"—Washington Star

A Secret Society

Carrie—I've got a dandy idea for a girls' secret society Belle—A secret society' Do you think it would be practical? Carrie—Surely We wouldn't keep secrets, we'd swap them —Puck

Beyond Reason.

There be two individuals who cannot be reasoned with—a girl in love and a man who is determined to run for an office—New Orleans Picayune.

Love is never afraid of overwork.—Chicago Tribune.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say 'Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the wonderful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately stop their foolishness, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking one dose, and realize that one 25c. bottle was worth hundreds of dollars. Sold by druggists.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors.—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

Official Directory

STATE

Governor—Samuel W Pennypacker
Lieutenant Governor—W M Brown
State Treasurer—Frank G Harris.
Auditor General—E B Hardenbergh
Secty of Internal Affairs—J S Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—Joseph W Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—S R Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J W Campell, Kane, J M McElroy Bradford
District Attorney—John P Melvin, Bradford Pa
Sheriff Charles E Mayo Morrisons.
Prothonotary— E Bell Smethport,
Recorder—H M Choate, Smethport
Register—J B Eastman, Smethport
Clerk of Courts—W H Morrison Smethport
County Treasurer—S D Weaver Smethport
Commissioners—Geo Griffiths Kane, J A Jewson Bradford W F Walen Smethport.
Commrs Clerk—A B Walker, Bradford
Jury Commissioners—S M Love Rixford and Leon Curtis Farmers Valley
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom Smethport B G Bartle Port Allegany, James Devlin, Bradford
Coroner—B H Hall M D, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J E Myers Smethport.

BOROUGH

Burgess—Charles McKeam
Council—W A Osterhout president Mrs Lena Hyde secretary Chas Johnson J W Voorheis N D Ramer J F Rooney James Herriman J C Cunningham
Justices—B F Knapp R C Gleason
Constable—F G Jones
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D C Young President J N Appel, Treas Sheridan Corton Secty W F Speicher C M Colegrove John Clark
Collector—L C Gleason
Assessor—H Freeman
Auditors—C C Clothier A H Kidder
Judge of Election—G H Hyde
Inspectors of Election—J A Swanson C H Burlingame

Lodge Directory.

F & A M—McKean Lodge, No 388 meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7 30 o'clock p m at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B MAYO, W M
W F SPECHT, Secy

I O O F—Smethport Lodge No 389 meets Friday evenings at 8 00 o'clock in I O O F Hall Will work Military degree first meeting of each month 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings

WM LUNCHEON N G
W G HOLDER Secy

I O O F—Smethport Encampment No 22 meets the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month in I O O F Hall

S J SWANSON Chief Patriarch
H I CHOATE Scribe

G A R—McKean Post No 315 meets at Thistle Hall on or before the full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall

H M CHOATE Adjutant

W R C—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I O O F Hall

MRS ADELL CRIGSBY, Prest
MRS ROSE PEARCE Secy

A O U W Smethport Lodge No 182 meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall

U GIFFORD M W
J C GALLUP Recorder

K O T M—Smethport Tent No 9 meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7 30 in I O O F Hall

A H RIDDER Com
W H MORRISON R K

L O T M—Brown Hive No 48 meets in I O O F Hall Thursday afternoons

MOLLIE E PIERCE Com
LIZZIE F HOLDEN R K

C M B A—Smethport Branch 33 meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W C T U Hall, Backus block, at 7 30 p m.

JAMES LYNCH Prest.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec Secy

W C T U—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p m in the M E Chapel—

MRS JANE N FORSYTHE Pres,
MRS MARY E RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P H C—Smethport Branch No 25 meets on every Tuesday evening in I O O F Hall

C M COLEGROVE Pres
CLARA BURLINGAME Secy

Phoenix Chapter No 13, O E S—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall

MISS MAY CHOATE W M
MRS ROSE MALCOLM Secy

I O R M—Meets every Monday evening in I O O F Hall Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree 2nd Monday, Chief's degree 3rd Monday

A A ABBEY S
L K HOGARTH, C. of R

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord R Patterson, Ph D, pastor Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a m Preaching at 10 30 a m Sunday School at 11 45 a m Junior League at 4 p m Epworth League at 6 30 p m Preaching at 7 30 p m General prayer meeting Thursday at 7 30 p m.

Episcopal—J Heber McCandless Rector Services every Sunday at 10 30 a m and 7 45 p m Additional service at 8 a m, except on first Sunday of each month Sunday School at 9 30 a m

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev J Heber McCandless Rector Divine services every Sunday at 2 45 p m Sunday School 3 30 p m The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a m.

St Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev P Cosgrove, Pastor Mass at 11 a m, Service at 11 30 a m. Sunday School at 3 p m. Services on each Sunday

First Baptist Church—P S Calvin, Pastor Preaching each Sunday at 11 00 a m, and 7 30 p m. Sunday School at 10 a m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p m Senior Endeavor at 6 30 p m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7 30 Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2 30 All are invited. Seats free

TRAVELERS GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION

Time Table—Taking effect Nov 27 1904

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT

For Clermont Ridgway Dubois and Pittsburg

Train 122, week days 10 10 a m

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points, Olean, Buffalo and points north

Train 123 week days 4 04 p m

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD

8 20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Harleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6 25 p. m., New York 9 30 p. m., Baltimore 6 00 p. m., Washington 7 15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12 25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7 25 p. m., New York 10 35 p. m., Baltimore 7 00 p. m., Washington 8 15 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3 25 P. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4 20 a. m., New York 7 10 a. m., Baltimore 2 30 a. m., Washington 3 35 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 30 a m

10 25 p. m.—Train 10, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7 05 a. m., New York 10 00 a. m., Baltimore 6 15 a. m., Washington 7 10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Emporium to Philadelphia and Washington. Passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 8 00 a m

Trains arrive from the East 10 15 a m, 4 40 p m, 10 25 p m

Trains arrive from the West 8 00 a m, 12 20 p m, 6 20 p m

a. m. week days (10 35 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7 15 a. m., Washington 8 30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars, from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12 20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7 15 a. m. New York 9 33 a. m week days (10 36 a. m Sundays) Baltimore 7 15 a. m., Washington 8 40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD

5 10 a. m.—Train 9 daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6 20 p m—Train 63 week days, for Kane and intermediate stations

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M LV		AR P M
2 20	Ridgway	11 50
2 40	Johnsonburg	11 30
2.56	Glen Hazel	11 15
3 07	Straight	11 04
3 12	Instanter	10 59
3 30	Smith's Run	10 52
3 39	Woodvale	10 45
3	Clermont	10 40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8 leaving Johnsonburg at 11 57 a m for Erie and intermediate points arriving at Erie at 3 50 p m. and at Ridgway with train 206 leaving Ridgway 12 01 p m for DuBois Red Bank Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6 leaving Ridgway at 3 20 p m for Philadelphia, New York Baltimore and Washington

W W ATTERBURY J R WOOD
General Manager Pass Traffic Mgr

GEO W BOYD
Gen'l Passenger Agent

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time Table in Effect June 10th 1904 Eastern Time

Trains leave Smethport as follows

8 00 a m—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Simpson Hyde Aiken Kinzua Jet Bradford Mt Jewett and Kane connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R R for all points East and West and at Kane with B & O R R for Nansen Marienville Clarion Foxburg, Butler Allegheny and intermediate and with trains on P & E division Pennsylvania R R

10 15 a m—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford Mt Jewett Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R R

4 40 p m—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Bradford Mt Jewett Kane and intermediate points connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R R East and West and at Kane with P R R for Harrisburg Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington

10 45 p m—Saturdays only for Ormsby Simpson Hyde Aiken Kinzua Junction

[illegible] Bradford Mt Jewett [illegible] Daily except Sunday

Trains arrive from the East 9 01 a m, 4 20 p m

Trains arrive from the West 10 00 a m, 7 00 p m

0 01 a m for Eldred (arr 9 36 a m) Olean (arr 10 20 a m) connecting with P R R for Buffalo (arr 12 10 p m)

12 02 noon for Clermont (arr 12 39 p m) St Marys (arr 1 15 p m) Shawmut (arr 4 22 p m) and Brockwayville (arr 4 47 p m).

2 20 p m for Eldred (arr 2 48 p m) Olean (arr 3 40 p m) connecting with P R R for Buffalo (arr 6 10 p m) Bolivar (arr 3 27 p m) Friendship (arr 4 03 p m), Angelica (arr 4 32 p m) Hornellsville (arr 5 15 p m) Wayland (arr 5 04 p m) connecting with D L & W for all points east

Trains arrive —9 01—From Mt Jewett with connections from Kane 2 20 p m —from Brockwayville Shawmut St Marys and Clermont 12 02 noon—From Hornellsville Way land Angelica Friendship Bolivar and Olean 2 35 p m—From Mt Jewett with connections from B R & P 7 22 p m—From Olean and Eldred

N B—All trains daily except Sunday

A M LANE C J RENWICK
General Supt. Gen Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R R

Effective Jan 1st 1901

Trains leave Smethport as follows

7 00 a m—For Mt Jewett (arr 9 10 a m) connecting with B R & P Ry for Johnsonburg (arr 9 45 a m) Ridgway (arr 9 20 a m) DuBois (arr 10 45 a m) and Punxsutawney (arr 11 20 a m)

9 01 a m for Eldred (arr 9 36 a m) Olean (arr 10 20 a m) connecting with P R R for Buffalo (arr 12 10 p m)

12 02 noon for Clermont (arr 12 39 p m) St Marys (arr 1 15 p m) Shawmut (arr 4 22 p m) and Brockwayville (arr 4 47 p m).

2 20 p m for Eldred (arr 2 48 p m) Olean (arr 3 40 p m) connecting with P R R for Buffalo (arr 6 10 p m) Bolivar (arr 3 27 p m) Friendship (arr 4 03 p m), Angelica (arr 4 32 p m) Hornellsville (arr 5 15 p m) Wayland (arr 5 04 p m) connecting with D L & W for all points east

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N B—All trains daily except Sunday

A M LANE C J RENWICK
General Supt. Gen Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901

Ar Eastward.			STATIONS	Lv Westward.		
A M	A M	P M	Ar Dp	A M	P M	A M
8 05	7 05	2 10	Ulysses	7 20	2 25	9 10
7 50	6 53	2 10	Crowell	7 27	2 32	9 19
7 46	0	1 57	Carpenter	0	2 34	0
7 40	6 48	1 53	Perkins	7 32	2 37	9 26
7 37	6 45	1 50	New Bd June	7 37	2 42	9 32
0	0	1 45	Newfield	7 41	2 46	0
7 05	6 36	1 41	Guld	7 44	2 49	9 47
7 00	6 30	1 35	Raymond	7 49	2 45	9 47
6 45	6 21	1 24	Seven Bdgs	8 01	3 06	10 00
6 40	6 17	1 20	Coleburg	8 04	3 09	10 10
6 25	6 10	1 12	Frinks	8 12	3 17	10 20
6 15	0	1 05	N Coudsprt	0	3 26	10 35
6 10	6 00	1 00	Dp Ar	8 25	3 30	10 45
A M	A M	P M	Coudersport.			P M.
4 20	7 45	12 15	Ar Dp	8 28	6 06	1 20
	0	12 12	Hammond	0	0	0
4 05	7 38	12 09	Olmsted	8 33	6 05	1 31
3 59	7 35	12 05	Mina	8 37	6 10	1 37
3 45	0	11 59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3 40	7 25	11 55	Roulette	8 47	6 27	1 51
3 30	7 16	11 47	Burtville	8 54	6 28	2 01
3 23	0	11 41	Coleman	0	6 34	0
3 20	0	0	Chem Wks	0	6 40	0
3 15	7 05	11 36	Pt. Allegany	9 08	6 40	2 25
P M.	P M.	A M.	Dp Ar	A M	P M	P M.

o—Trains do not stop

Connections at Ulysses with N Y, C. & H R R, at Port Allegany with W. N Y & P Ry and at Newfield Junction with B & S R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

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DAN'S DEBT

By EPES WINTHROP

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

Danny deliberately chewed up his ticket. When he had masticated it to a pulpy condition he waited for the conductor. He was rather sorry he was not better acquainted with that official's movements, for a chewed railroad ticket is not a tasty morsel.

At last, after what seemed to be hours of waiting, he caught sight of a blue coat and brass buttons in the far end of the car, and a moment later he began to choke. The traveling man across the aisle pounded him upon the back, and presently his gasps subsided.

"What's the matter?" demanded the conductor, coming up, whereon Dan let out a wail that would have shamed the whistle of the powerful engine ahead.

"I swallowed most of me ticket," he sobbed, "an' now I gotter walk all the way to Pittsburg."

Sundry bits of pasteboard on the floor furnished corroborative evidence, but the conductor was adamant.

"The gateman told me you had a ticket to Newark," he declared firmly. "You get off there."

"He's a liar," protested Dan, "and so're you!"

The conductor made a grab at his collar, but the drummer interfered.

"Don't get any with the kid," he said. "You know very well you are not telling the truth when you say that you know where his ticket was for."

The conductor sized up the traveling man and became diplomatic. "I can't let him ride," he declared apologetically. "He's got to have a ticket or he can't stay on the train."

"Two to Pittsburg," said the drummer, producing a mileage book.

The conductor punched two slips and passed on. If a passenger wanted to be taken in it was none of his business, especially when the passenger stood almost six feet.

The drummer turned to Dan. "Your fare is paid," he said. "Or the hook, where was your fare for?"

"Newark," mumbled Dan, "but I ain't big stiff didn't know."

"Jack Jones's hundred delight!"

"I guess the fare was saved it," he said as he tucked the book back in his pocket—"I've had good luck this trip. What do you want to go to Pittsburg for?"

"HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOUR TROUBLE," HE SAID.

"Me fader's dere. He ain't got the money to send for me, but I want ter see him."

"Going to sit up all night?" asked Somers as he saw the Pullman conductor at the other end of the car.

"Naw," said Dan contemptuously. "Dey put on me sleepin' car when I want it."

"Well," the other returned, "I guess I can get a place in the sleeper, but I'll come and take you in the diner when it's time." And with that he followed the conductor down the aisle and on to the car where a berth had been found after the reservations had been checked up.

He was as good as his word about the dinner. The idea of a whole dollar for just one dinner appalled Dan, but there was no outward display of the awe he felt. He might have been used to the best for all the wonderment he showed.

With another dollar in his pocket the next morning he stepped off the train and passed out into the street. The town was new to him, but he was used to strange cities, and before noon he had located his father and had become a resident citizen, to the old man's surprise. He had not sent for Dan, but a workman had told the boy where his father was, and he was welcome since he had come. From the age of six Dan had been a burden to no one.

Six months later Dan was a passenger in a car going to a summer park and occupied a seat directly behind Somers and a young woman, whom he immediately classified as "Somers' steady."

It was evident that things were not as they would have them, for the talk that floated back to Dan's keen ears told him that her father objected to Somers and that this was a clandestine meeting.

"Don't butt in," was one of Dan's rules, and he was lost in the crowd at the trolley terminal before Somers had had a chance to recognize his one time protege. The band was good, and the green grass was a most pleasant carpet, but the talk on the trolley rang in Dan's ears.

The girl was old Henry Greyson's daughter—he found that out—and Greyson objected to Somers because he thought him fast—the old type of drummer. It was evident that Somers took the matter as much to heart as did the girl, and Dan was quite disgusted over the state of affairs.

Henry Greyson was known everywhere in Pittsburg. The Greyson building was one of the most modern structures, and Greyson's interests were as varied as they were enormous. It was an easy matter to find his office, but a lot more difficult to get at the man. Dan waited from 11 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon, and then from a side door around the corner of the hall from the main office the spare, alert figure of the millionaire stepped out. Dan pounced upon him.

"Say, Mr. Greyson," he demanded, plunging into the midst of the business, "I come to ask yer a favor."

Greyson's hand went to his trousers pocket, and Dan's lips curled.

"Nixey," he said decidedly. "When I want cash I earns it. I want your daughter."

"My daughter!" repeated the astonished Greyson, looking about to see what help might be at hand.

"Fer a friend of mine," completed Dan. "Y'see, Paul Somers was on de car yesterday, an' your gal was wid him. I hearn him tell 'er you kicked because he was no good. Say, dat's dead wrong."

"Do you mean to say that my daughter was with young Somers yesterday?" demanded Greyson, forgetting for the moment to whom he was talking.

"I was right behind 'em," declared Dan.

Greyson produced a ten dollar bill. "Here's something for your trouble," he said. "If you see them together again let me know, and you may have another."

"G'wan, yer old geezer!" retorted Dan. "Did yers pose I'd break a friend like that? I wanter tell yer you're nutty about Mr. Somers. He's all right, er. Didn't I see a dame try ter win him out in N'York, an' didn't he tell her to chase herself? G'wan. Be wise. He's watched wint fer de air. Dere ain't none better."

With a slight draft on his imagination he told the old man of how Somers had helped him to Pittsburg and how when he was selling papers in New York he had seen Somers often and how the man had done none of the things with which he had been charged by other interested parties. There was the ring of truth in his tones, and the old man relented. He was accustomed to forming his own judgment, and he would accept even the statement of a ragged newsboy if it seemed to him right.

"It'll be all right, boy," he said as the tale was done. "He can have her."

With a whoop Dan was down the hall. Greyson called him back.

"Ain't goin' ter nig,' are yer?" demanded Dan suspiciously as he came up.

"No," smiled the magnate, guessing at the meaning of "nig." "I just wanted to say I have a place in my office for you. Come around in the morning, and I'll put you to work."

"Dat's all right," said Dan. "Yer come down to the corner tomorrer, an' I'll lend yer enough papers to start wid. I'm in business fer meself too. I don't want ter work for no dude clerk." And this time the boy kept on. His debt had been paid.

His Lonely Hours.

Miss Spears was visiting her sister, Mrs. Cummings, and had just finished reading the one magazine which monthly found its way into the Cummings family.

"There's a real affecting piece of poetry in here," said Miss Spears, furtively wiping her eyes. "It's called 'When I Miss You,' and it's telling her how many years they've lived together, and how, while she's away, the twilight hour seems different, and—I could read it out to you if you'd like to have me."

"I guess not," said Mrs. Cummings pleasantly, but firmly. "I've read a good deal of that kind, first and last. And if you'd ever been married, Joanna—not but what you had an opportunity; you needn't look so injured—if you'd ever been married you'd have known years ago that she'd be full as apt to remember how long they'd been together as he would and that the time he'd miss her wouldn't be half as likely to come at dusk, unless he'd had a poor supper, as it would in the morning, when he couldn't find his collar button or in the middle of the day, when he wanted her to take a splinter out of his finger. If you'll turn over to the last two pages and read me out that recipe for a throat poultice I'd be obliged. William seems to think he's got one of his quinsies coming on."

A Scotch Golf Story.

A golf story comes from Scotland, where a couple of old antagonists met on a course every Saturday afternoon to determine their own private championship for the week. They were all "square" at the seventeenth, and the loser of last week had just played his third in the shape of a nice approach to the green. Last week's winner came up to his ball with grim purpose. He had an easy pitch to the green, but a number of young sheep were unconsciously browsing along the edge, all oblivious of the Olympian contest that was on the point of settlement. "Rin forrard, laddie," said last week's winner to his caddie, "and drive awa' they lambs." "Na, na!" vigorously protested his opponent. "Bide where ye be, laddie! Ye canna move any growin' thing! That's the rule of gowff."

ANIMALS' WANDERINGS.

Country Mouse and Town Mouse Fable Has Foundation In Fact.

The fable of the country mouse and the town mouse has a foundation in fact. Mice occasionally migrate in large numbers when food grows scarce and travel considerable distances to fresh houses. Farmers in a part of Perthshire had a good reason to become aware of this fact when a couple of years ago vast swarms of mice invaded their cornfields at harvest time.

But the mouse only travels when it has to. The rat, on the contrary, seems to take a yearly outing, in very much the same fashion as do human beings. Rats are the most migratory creatures in the world. Troops of rats leave the towns at the end of summer and spend a month or two in the country, apparently in order to enjoy the change of food which the country affords at that time of the year in the way of fresh fruit and grain. Before the cold weather sets in they are all back again in their old quarters.

Reindeer migrate with the same regularity as swallows. They move south when winter sets in, but as soon as ever the snow begins to melt they travel steadily north, sometimes for as much as a thousand miles.

To end a holiday by deliberate suicide is so strange a phenomenon that for a long time naturalists looked upon the stories of the migration of the lemmings as an improbable fiction. Yet the facts are beyond dispute. At irregular intervals these ratlike creatures start out from their homes in the fastnesses of northern Scandinavia in huge droves numbering tens of thousands and travel steadily southward. Death pursues them in a hundred forms. Hawks and other birds of prey hover above them. Thousands are drowned in rivers. Yet the rest struggle on until they reach the sea. They do not stop. They plunge in, swim out and struggle on until at last their strength fails and they drown. Not one ever returns from this journey of death.—London Answers.

COTTON IN A FABRIC.

How to Tell if Worsted or Woolen Cloths Are Adulterated.

Worsted cloths can be often adulterated than woolen cloths more easily detected. A test in worsted is a lie on the face of it. Cotton stands out with prominence and often a section thread is twisted with a worsted thread, and to examine its character it is only necessary to take the twist out of the thread and then examine the component parts.

Cotton having a long staple can be carded and combed with wool to be spun into worsted yarn. This is done to cheapen the cost of production. Cotton is carded and spun with wool and shoddy, not so much to cheapen the yarn, for cotton is generally as expensive as some shoddies, but is introduced to give strength or spinning qualities to the stock. In many cases the shoddy is of such short staple that it would not stand the drawing in spinning, and, as it would make the cost of the yarn too high to put in enough wool to give that lacking strength, cotton is put in for this purpose.

The percentage of cotton in a fabric can be determined in this manner. Take a small piece of cloth and weigh it. Now boil it for five minutes in a 5 per cent solution of caustic soda. Take out what is left and, if any, it is all cotton. The wool will all be dissolved. The percentage of shoddy cannot be determined except by experience.

A cloth or yarn with shoddy in it is easily detected by its feel. Cloth made of all new wool is softer feeling than one containing shoddy, for the latter has lost that new, soft, springy feel peculiar to wool.—American Wool and Cotton Reporter.

Success Prolongs Life.

It is now well known that increased complexity of life with increased expenditure distinctly aids longevity. Luxury, "the fertile parent of a whole family of diseases," modifies it greatly, of course, but this is a manageable factor, says the London Chronicle. We have only to recall personal experience to realize the force of intellectual stimulation. The interest of sport will sustain men without fatigue for distances they otherwise could not traverse. The excitement of strife will often mask the presence of wounds. Self forgetfulness in all the walks of life, under the stress of love, chivalry or accepted duty, doubles human endurance. Success gives new vitality, new powers, and this is another name for new life.

No Notion of Real Trouble.

"I bet I get into more trouble than any man in this state," volunteered the young fellow who had come in the clubhouse. "Nothing in the trouble line overlooks me. Why, I'd be afraid to marry—"

"What! Ain't you married?" ejaculated the red nosed elderly party who was hovering over the grats lunch. "Boy, you don't know what trouble is."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Charity.

She—I'm glad we went. It was an excellent performance—and for such a charitable purpose. Her Husband—Yes, indeed! We all feel a thrill of satisfaction when we do something for charity and get the worth of our money at the same time.—London Tit-Bits.

Intended.

Bills—You made a funny break in congratulating the bride's father instead of the groom. Wills—No, I didn't. I've a daughter, too, and I know what they cost.—Chicago Journal.

Just as you are pleased at finding faults you are displeased at finding perfection.—Lavater.

Consolation

By KEITH GORDON

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Through the stained glass above the palms and roses the midday sun streamed in, decking the scene with gorgeous reds, blues and greens. It shed a golden glory upon the tall, slender, graceful bride, and at the sight the best man shut his jaw a bit more determinedly. She was looking more than ever like an angel, and in five minutes she would be the wife of his best friend. That was the monotonous sentence which kept repeating itself in his mind. As if he were likely to forget!

Opposite him and just behind the bride the maid of honor stood. For the moment she, too, had forgotten the guests, forgotten everything save the fact that the one man in the world whom she might have loved—for she always phrased it thus carefully to herself—was at that moment vowing to love and cherish her closest friend. She had a curious feeling that when she was an old, old woman, when a yellow, withered face and dim, sad eyes looked back at her from her mirror, she should still be able to live over again the despair of this moment, when the white robed clergyman was taking him from her life, a thousand times more irrevocably than death could have done.

There was a stir about her like the rush of the wind. For a second she was too lost in thought to understand; then, as she dropped upon her knees somewhat hurriedly, her bewildered eyes caught those of the best man, carefully at first and then with a quick, startled recognition of something she saw there. He, too, had the air of a person suddenly awakened from a nightmare, momentarily uncertain of the surroundings in which he found himself.

A moment later she had forgotten his very existence.

"He's Ethel's husband now—Ethel's husband," she said sternly to herself, skillfully turning a dry sob into a long, broken breath, and composing her face to the rather expression becoming the bridesmaid.

Meanwhile the best man admonished himself in a similar strain. "Steady now, old man! Now's the time to get out your happy smile." Then, as the rigid muscles of his face gave no indication of relaxing, his thoughts ran on crossly: "Don't be an ass! It's the worst ever, so you might as well cheer up!"

By the time the great organ pealed out the triumphant strains of the wedding march he and the maid of honor, their masks on, faced the guests that filled the church, ready to play their parts for all they were worth. Something in the music was at once an inspiration and a challenge.

"Isn't she sweet?" whispered one of the guests to a companion, referring to the maid of honor. "But how pale she is, and what a curious look there is in her eyes—sort of nothing can ever matter again! expression, and yet—"

The speaker stopped, staring thoughtfully in the girl until she had passed.

More than once during the course of the wedding breakfast that followed the best man found himself watching her curiously. No one was gayer than she—none so gay, in fact. Her eyes were brilliant, and her laugh rang out valiantly, but his own misery made him subtly conscious of some undercurrent of feeling that was running strong and pitiless under the surface bubbles—an undertow of misery that she was resisting with all her strength.

He remembered that when, during the ceremony, their eyes had met in that confused, unveiled glance she had been staring at the groom as intently as he had at the bride. Could it be—He did not formulate the thought, but he watched her more keenly than ever after that—so keenly, indeed, that once, unable to bear it any longer, with an appearance of unconsciousness she taxed him with it.

"You are very rude!" she said lightly, but at his grave, sincere "Believe me, I have not meant to be," and the searching look that accompanied it, expressive of a sympathy he could not put into words, her lips quivered ever so slightly. "Weddings get upon my nerves," she explained, with a little grimace, and before he could reply she had turned away.

The shower of rice and old shoes had spent itself, and the bride and groom had departed, taking all the romance of the world with them and leaving behind a monotony without form and void. All of the guests felt it, and already the bustle of departure was in the air. But to the best man and the maid of honor it was a ghastly, appalling fact that made them linger on the steps after the others had re-entered the house, staring blankly after the carriage that had disappeared around the corner. Then the man remembered where he was and pulled himself together with an effort.

"Seems rather like the end of things, doesn't it?" he observed as they turned into the doorway.

"From our standpoint, yes," was the listless answer. Then she caught her lip between her teeth and darted a quick, inquiring glance at him. That was not precisely what she would have chosen to say, and she hoped that he would not notice it. But at the sight of the somber smile in his eyes the hope passed.

In a snug corner of the deserted library, where the farewells of the departing guests came to them but faintly, she next found herself, without being very clear as to how she came there. The best man was sitting in front of her holding one of her hands in a protecting, big brotherly fashion, while she vainly tried to keep back the tears that seemed to be rising as quietly and relentlessly as a flood. It was no use. Higher and higher they came. She winked hard and shut her teeth firmly. Then she snatched her hand away and covered her face.

"My poor little girl," murmured the best man softly.

"Weddings are always sad, don't you think?" she gasped out, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief and giving a little hysterical laugh. "Still, I don't usually behave like this. You see, when your best friend marries—she—that is—everything is different and"— She gave up trying to explain the situation in despair and ended with an incoherent, "But it's all very ridiculous, and I don't know why I should say all this to you."

She was the picture of helpless, girlish misery, and the best man's heart ached for her. Momentarily his sympathy took the edge off his own loneliness. He winced at the thought of her having to suffer alone the maddening sense of loss that tormented him.

"Perhaps it's because misery loves company," he said gently. "Perhaps you feel that this wedding hasn't been altogether like other weddings to me either," he went on, with a matter of fact air, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that they should be confiding in each other.

She was watching him with a dawning understanding in her eyes, and he met her gaze with a whimsical smile, as if he were offering her the open book of his soul to read if she would.

"Do you mean that you, too"—

There was no need to complete the question, for it was answered before it was spoken. Involuntarily her hands went out to him in quick, warm sympathy, and though her only comment was a breathless "Oh!" it was eloquent with feeling.

Little by little her composure came back to her.

"It was so good of you to tell me," she said gratefully. "I think I feel as Robinson Crusoe did when he discovered the man Friday."

"Not that I'm glad that you're unhappy, too," she added quickly, "only it doesn't seem so lonely now that I know that there is someone who understands. After all, that's what makes life worth living, isn't it?" she said, looking up at him with what seemed to him the sweetest look he had ever seen in a girl's face.

When at the end of six months the bride and groom returned from their honeymoon abroad the best man and the maid of honor were among the first of their dinner guests.

"See here; it seems to me that you two have been making hay in our absence," laughed the bride, noting with a woman's quick instinct the deep, strong understanding that seemed to exist between the two, whereupon her listeners exchanged a somewhat humorous, albeit confused, glance, but refused to explain.

The following June they were married. Just before the Lohengrin march the organist played "Consolation," at which such of the guests as recognized the selection elevated their eyebrows and wondered. But the bride and groom alone were in the secret. It was a case of in memoriam.

The Professor's Love Story.

An amusing story is told concerning Professor Duncan of St. Andrew's university, who was in his younger days a teacher in Dundee. The embryo professor proposed to a lady, who curtly refused him. Shortly afterward Mr. Duncan became Professor Duncan, and the lady heard no more of him, not even by letter.

Some time after she went to St. Andrew's to try the effect of sea bathing. She saw Duncan often, and he talked to her on every subject except the subject she was now apparently interested in.

At last she courageously screwed up her courage and, coming to the point, said:

"Mr. Duncan, there was a subject you once mentioned to me some time ago, and really I am rather surprised that you have never recurred to it, for I have changed my mind since that time."

The professor simply remarked:

"Yes, but I, too, have changed my mind."—London Tit-Bits.

The One Who Was Mad.

A corpulent German came rushing into the circuit court one morning before court was called and said:

"I vant to git varrant for a man to kill a dog."

"Well, my man, you don't come to this court to get warrants in cases of that kind. If you want the dog killed you should go to a police court," said the judge.

The German started to leave, when the judge inquired in an interested manner:

"Did the dog bite you?"

"Yeas, he bit me."

"Well, was the dog mad?"

"Vas de dog madt? No. I vas madt."—Buffalo Commercial.

His Opportunity Came.

Rear Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee, U. S. N., was once advanced after a long and patient wait from commander to captain. On the day that he was promoted he went ashore and kept the launch which was to take him to his ship waiting beyond the appointed time. When he finally strolled down, Paymaster Charles W. Stamm, who was in charge of the launch, said: "Captain, you—you have just been promoted, and you—you have made a bad beginning. You have kept the boat waiting ten minutes, sir." "Be calm, Mr. Stamm," said the new captain, with a tantalizing grin; "I've been waiting years for the privilege."

DESERT SHEEP HERDERS.

Their Lonely, Dreary Life Tends to Drive Them Crazy.

Do you realize what it means to watch 5,000 sheep alone in the desert? You have read weird, grewsome stories of the horror of the solitary lighthouse keeper's life, but compared to the days of the Mexican shepherd those of the average keeper of the light are filled with gayety and noise. Even with their one or two dogs the shepherds often go insane, and were it not for the company of their shaggy collies the lunacy among them would rise to an almost incredible percentage, if we are to believe those who have followed the sheep in the desert and therefore may be supposed to know.

Once in old Santa Fe, N. M., I met a man who for twelve years had followed the sheep. His work was done. All day long he sat in a chair in the rear of a little dobe store, crouched over, gibbering to himself, bleating—an idiot. He still saw his sheep swaying like a great white wave among the sagebrush, and ever in his ears sounded the killing monotone of their bleats. One boy, though fifteen years of age, is mentally no further advanced than the average child of five. His father is a shepherd, his mother died when he was four years old, and his father took him out upon the range. All his life has been spent among the sheep. He is one with them today.

How is it possible, then, you ask, that men are to be found willing to watch them? It is very easy. Sheep herding is a lazy job at best, and the "greaser" is the laziest creature on earth. For $20 a month he is willing to sit in the sand and listen to the never ending bleating until the little mind he has gives way and they fetch him in from the range insane. He is glad to take the chance for $20 a month.

The greaser is not the only shepherd in the west. On the vast ranges of Nevada and Wyoming you may run across an occasional college man tending the sheep. Once, indeed, a college professor, ill of consumption, undertook to follow 5,000 bleaters for the summer. In autumn they found him insane, on his hands and knees among the sheep, bleating with them. Day after day his eyes behold only a brilliant turquoise sky, in which hangs a sun of brass; an ocean sweep of sage flecked sand and a slowly moving, compact mass of sheep. His ears hear no sound save the steady, "Baa, baa!" day and night, affecting him as the Chinese criminal of ancient days was affected by the regular tap, tap of a hidden drum.

And yet so long as the desert continues to provide food for the "bleaters" so long will shepherds go mad among the flocks, and for ten years the desert's greatest value to man has been the food it has offered the sheep, nor yet is the store depleted.—Pilgrim.

The Wickedness of Growing Old.

Here are the three deadly symptoms of old age: Selfishness, stagnation, intolerance.

If we find them in ourselves we may know we are growing old, even if we are on the merry side of thirty. But, happily, we have three defenses, which are invulnerable. If we use them we shall die young if we live to be a hundred. They are: Sympathy, progress, tolerance.

The first is the hardest to most of us, because our own little prison of the actual is so immensely important to us. There is no denying the fact that when you have a tooth ache yourself it is hard to have to consider other people's aches. But it can be done, though it generally involves physical effort, for we must bestir ourselves and act. The mere feeling of sympathy expressed by action is a poor, useless thing, but the soul, determined not to grow old, can force the body to such physical effort, though there is no denying that it is hard work.—Harper's Bazar.

Toothache.

Toothache is something to be dreaded. Until a dentist can be consulted and the exact cause of the disturbance located and professionally treated it is an excellent thing to moisten the finger and, after dipping it into some bicarbonate of soda, rub it on the gum round the sore tooth. It is also a relief to mix a teaspoonful of this bicarbonate of soda in half a glass of warm water and rinse the mouth with some every little, while, holding a little in the mouth for a few seconds so that it penetrates all the crevices. The soda, being an alkali, serves to neutralize the acids in the mouth, which are often the cause of toothache.

Knew the Crowd.

A street preacher in a west of Scotland town called a policeman who was passing and complained about being annoyed by a certain section of the audience and asked him to remove the objectionable ones.

"Weel, ye see," replied the cautious officer, "it would be a hard job for me tae spot them, but I'll tell ye what I'd dae if I were you."

"What would you do?" eagerly inquired the preacher.

"Just gae roond wi' the hat!"

His Line.

"Yes," said the lecturer, "I'm dealing in furniture these days."

"How is that?" asked a listener.

"Making one night stands under a lecture bureau, with the help of the time tables."—Baltimore American.

When to Cut Weeds.

She—When should a young widow discard her weeds? He—Oh, I don't know, but I suppose she should cut them out just as soon as she wants to raise a second crop of orange blossoms.—Baltimore Herald.

Decision of character will often give to an inferior mind command over a superior.—Wirt.

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The Hunger of A Man's Soul

By CAMPBELL MACLEOD

It was after the play and they were waiting in the quiet little cafe to be served She leaned over to draw in the fragrance of the red roses and to avoid his eyes which were persistent. He was thinking of how young and lovely she was How could he expect her to love him? The mirror opposite reminded him of his years

Yes, he would tell her—save her all painful explanations A young fellow would make her happier Once in a burst of girlish confidence she had told him how she hated young men and new houses It was childish of him he told himself, to expect her to know her own mind

'What can I eat?' she beamed at him with shining eyes Anything from a nice young man to an oyster' Here was the opening sooner than he expected

Judith he began gravely it is of the young man I wish to speak now Did—did—they say it is young Travers? Shall I release you The last to the ear of the girl seemed an anxious frenzied appeal for freedom So this was what made him so gloomy so unlike himself He was tired of her He wanted to be free She was pulling a rose to pieces and jutting the petals over her finger tips Shall we ring the curtain down on our little comedy?' he asked in an it's all for the best tone She nodded slowly She was beginning to see more clearly every minute just as one's eyes grow accustomed to darkness after the first bewilderment—he wanted to be free

'Judith' he said "I shall ask only one favor of you He hesitated

It is granted she returned coldly 'Perhaps I shall have the honor of congratulating you—also The also was added as an afterthought

'It is that you will tell it all to me He hesitated through a sense of delicacy If you mind dear he added gently then don't

Did she mind? she asked herself No she gloried in the opportunity If he sighed for his freedom he should have it She would make no effort to hold him but he should understand before she let him go that other men thought her desirable Then he could go with his freedom and she would marry any one of the others It made no difference—she would take the one who next asked her She was eighteen and infinitely young The middle aged man opposite felt that he would barter his immortal soul to be twenty four—to be young with her

"Shall I begin at the beginning?' she asked in weary tones He winced.

"No' he replied "That would include me Spare me that. There was a long silence 'It is of young Travers your engagement"—

"Until tonight' she reminded in a dull voice "I was engaged to you But'— Her voice stuck He was waiting for her to begin

"Mrs Carr from New Orleans was at the Springs she began 'She is one of my mother's oldest friends Mr Travers is her nephew It was at one of her receptions that I met him first. Shall I tell you everything? Her voice had a new ring He thought it was from speaking of her lover

"Your roses came just as I was starting" she continued I wore the blue dress the one you used to like me in —

"Child he interrupted you do not understand —

'Yes but I do Judith I remember it every bit You told me that first night I wore it—do you remember it?—what you whispered out here on the gallery about my milk white arms and shadowy hair? It is a pretty dress I wore your roses to the reception They were glorious ones She was leaning on her elbows on the table her big eyes full of mystery

'When Mrs Carr presented Mr Travers' she proceeded 'he told me that he had been knowing me for a long long time and waiting for me to come because his hands were tied as it were, and he couldn't come after me Then I laughed, because it was such a good joke really Bob he said it very much nicer than I can remember Then he went on to tell me that it was before the war he had known me. He just graduated two years ago I am afraid I rather encouraged him in the nonsense It was such a relief from talking to the women and I can't help being silly you know Bob His heart felt old and musty and failed and her every word was giving it a fresh blow She had made a little pyramid of the rose petals and was nervously tearing it to pieces to reconstruct it

'He was very nice she continued "We went back to sit on the stairs to listen to the music That was the beginning. He came next day for me to drive with him and told me that he loved me.

The impudent young — He forgot that it was of her lover he was speaking

'He said he couldn't help it' she apologized for him in world weary accents But they all say that There was no trace of vanity in the remark The red of the roses found brilliant rivals in her cheeks Then—then one night," she hesitated it was moonlight—down on the bench—he kissed me'—

"He kissed you?' the man exclaimed 'How dare he—how dare you?'

"Don't be too hard on him" she pleaded He said something about men not despising a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry"

Bob had risen angrily A determined little hand pulled him back

'Remember a cold voice reminded, "you desired me to tell you'

"Judith" he reproved sharply

"And that wasn't all," and she flashed defiant eyes at him She remembered how jealous he had been Once she laughed and asked him if he thought the enamored air went sighing after her too But that was when he had really cared for her Now he was trying to get rid of her I had numerous other loves at the Springs Bob It may be she tipped a gay little tune with her foot—that you might find them diverting There was Dave Cary—she insinuated her little finger to him—and Fred Langles the next finger to him both of whom proposed to me at the picnic on the fourth day of July Then there was Mr Greyner, who proposed to me at the dance at Judge Birrow's sons birthday—the son also proposed for that matter Dr Spaulding set my wrist when I sprained it and when he dismissed me he asked me to be his wife That's all the proposals I had at the springs There were five more when I stopped to visit Lucy Kildare on my way home" The man made a gesture of entreaty Truly he had not dreamed of it being this bad His heart felt like a church on a week day How could he have ever been fool enough to expect Judith to love him against all these young men?

"If you marry Travers"— It was a cowardly subterfuge to get her away from the others His voice stuck She sat alert with brilliant eyes

If I marry Travers, what? she asked

'I don't know miserably

"I haven't exactly decided which one I shall marry She leaned back languidly She was pushing her hair back and trying to pin it in place It's really very hard to make up one's mind Bob It's the number of them that confuses me She laughed deliciously His hand tightened around his glass

Bob' the girl suddenly demanded 'what's that you told me once about love being deep?"

'Could he release her? The hunger of a man's soul kept running through his head Could he do it? Wasn't she in crying need of a protector to shield her from this very hunger?

Bob she tossed him a rose' have you forgotten the lines?"

'Love lieth deep' he began "Love dwells not in lip depths Love wraps his wings on either side the heart There was a long silence Somehow the silences of Bob were more eloquent than all the lip talk of the others She was beginning to understand She thought vaguely of ships cut loose from their moorings She hated vourself then

She remembered the first time she ever saw him She was doing a skirt dance in the long ballroom in the Hotel Palm She turned to get a sideways view of herself and there in the door she was vividly watching her The tables were at the table The occasion was a dinner party and he had committed the unpardonable offense of being late That was the beginning He very much preferred staying with her he declared if she didn't mind That was the night she started loving him Hadn't he spent weary hours over the intricacies of toe dancing to coach her? Didn't Bob always understand? The thought that he was just across the table and not engaged to her any more almost suffocated her She couldn't stand it

"Bob' she said with all that perilous youth shining in her eyes have you forgotten that toe dance you taught me years ago?" No with weary resignation he had not forgotten it.

'Bob with cruel persistence when you told me that night that you had rather stay with me than to go with the old ladies did you mean it, truly?

Yes he was sure he meant it truly The cafe was deserted Only Francois the waiter lurked in the background and he couldn't speak English

'Bob moving nearer and laying a confiding hand on his arm 'Bob does your love lie too deep for words? There was a pleading quality in her tones not to be resisted.

'Child' He was holding her chin in his most comforting hand and examining her eyes

Jack Travers didn't kiss me truly she comforted patting Bob's old gray hairs tenderly Francois had discreetly withdrawn fully remunerated He said that before I told him about about how I loved you—I—I told him all about us, Bob!— But she didn't finish He understood Bob always understood

Child" he whispered with eyes in which youth had come home to live 'you must be the oldest person on earth You are straight from the garden of Eden with youth that is fresh and genuine and eternal Yes you are child!"

Oysters With or Without

'Sitting opposite me in a downtown oyster house the other day,' said a clubman was one of those fastidious men who undertake to transmit instructions to the cook through the waiter He wanted a twenty five cent stew As nearly as I can remember these were his instructions

Now waiter kindly tell the cook I don't want the oysters and milk merely mixed and heated I want the milk carefully boiled first. The oysters should then be added without the liquor The liquor should not be put in until the seasoning is added Be very particular to get good rich milk and nothing but the best gilt edged butter As for the oysters I want Cape Cod salts No ordinary stock oysters for me Do you understand?

I think so sir replied the waiter 'But do you wish the oysters with or without?

With or without what? asked the customer

Pearls sir' —New York Press

The Gentleman

'The true gentleman" said Cardinal Newman "carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion all collision of feeling—his great concern being to make every one at his ease and at home He guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which may irritate He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort. He is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him and interprets everything for the best He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments."

SNOWSLIDES

They Are Fearful of Speed and a Magnificent Spectacle

Snowslides are most frequent on steep mountains that have a heavy snowfall With a billowy train of snow dust boiling out behind and overturning or crushing almost everything before they make an awful and magnificent spectacle Their speed is sometimes so great that trees alongside are overturned by the swamping force of the air which the slide has violently disturbed.

There are many well authenticated instances where miners have been caught on the surface of a slide and by dexterous use of their skees have kept on top of the engulfing surface of the slide and come out uninjured John Muir once rode down from the high Sierra on a snowslide He was swished back down in a minute over a distance that had taken all day to climb

One day while climbing up a steep snowy slope a slide started beneath me and for a time I was on the surface of its upper edge where the snow was about two feet deep Wading a torrent will give some idea of the sweep of the coasting snow The snow dust steamed and boiled up around me and each time I struggled to my feet the rushing snow simply jerked my feet from beneath me At last almost smothered, I was dropped off the back end upon bare ground Enos A Mills in Harper's Weekly

WEAPONS DECLINED

Virchow's Odd Proposition When Challenged by Bismarck

Dr Virchow the eminent man of science had been sharply criticising Prince Bismarck who was then chancellor

At the end of a particularly severe attack Bismarck felt himself personally affronted and sent seconds to Virchow with a challenge to fight a duel

The man of science was found in his laboratory hard at work at experiments which had for their object the discovery of a means of destroying trichinæ which were making great ravages in Germany

Air Send the doctor a challenge from Prince Bismarck Oh Well well As I am the challenged party I suppose I have the choice of weapons Here then are

He held up two large sausages which seemed to be exactly alike

One of these sausages he said is filled with trichinæ it is deadly The other is perfectly wholesome Externally they can't be told apart Let his excellency do me the honor to choose whichever of these he wishes and eat it, and I will eat the other"

Though the proposition was as reasonable as any dueling proposition could be, Prince Bismarck's representatives refused it No duel was fought, and no one accused Virchow of cowardice

INDEXING BOOKS.

The Custom Is an Old One That Developed Rather Slowly

The custom of indexing books developed gradually Cicero used the word 'index but in the sense of a table of contents Seneca provided some works which he sent to a friend with notes of particular passages so that he who only aimed at the useful might be spared the trouble of examining them entire.' This was at least a partial index" in the modern sense Annotated, or at least explanatory tables of contents seem to have preceded the index proper

Such tables followed the order of appearance of the subjects in the book itself Alphabetical arrangement which was the beginning of the real index appears not to have been thought of until the invention of printing and even then it spread but slowly Erasmus was one of the first to provide his works with alphabetical indexes The custom did not become universal until well into the sixteenth century

The first index to an English book is said to be that printed in Polydore Vergil's Angliae Historiae' in 1546 An edition of this work published ten years later has an index of thirty seven pages

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

The easier people make money the easier they want to make it

Among the many mysteries of childhood is why grown people cry when they are glad

There are some people who think they have discharged their full duty to you by praying for you

What do you use most during the day? Do you use the little white head most as much as your shoes?

When a man makes one mistake he usually follows it up with three or four before he recovers his balance

Don't be conceited get any map of the United States and do you find any mark on it to show that you are on earth?

Every one admits that rich people are not happier than the poor or as happy yet every one is striving to become one of the miserable rich —Atchison Globe

The Hungarian Crown

The Hungarian crown worn at their accession by the emperors of Austria as kings of Hungary is the identical one made for Stephen and used at his coronation over 800 years ago The whole is of pure gold except the settings and weighs nine marks six ounces almost exactly fourteen pounds The settings above alluded to consist of 53 sapphires 50 rubies 1 emerald and 338 pearls It will be noticed that there are no diamonds among these precious adornments This is accounted for by the oft quoted story of Stephen's aversion to such gems because he considered them 'unlucky"

Winter Tourist Tickets.

To various points in Colorado, Texas, Louisiana Old and New Mexico, Arizona and California are now on sale via the Missouri Pacific Ry and Iron Mountain route Standard Pullman and Tour at car service to California For rates and full information address Jno R James, central passenger agent, 315 Bessemer Bldg, Pittsburg, Pa

THE GRAY WOLF

His Cunning Is Marvelous and He Is Difficult to Catch

The cunning of the gray wolf is marvelous and it is most difficult to catch napping He somehow seems to know that iron is associated with man A piece of iron anywhere will keep him at a distance If you shoot an antelope, for instance and just put your spur on the carcass you may leave it as long as you like and no wolf will touch it A pocket handkerchief will do as well

Lobo, a great gray wolf who was the king of the pack at Currumpaw a vast cattle range in New Mexico was a thinker as well as a ruler His pack ate nothing but what they had killed themselves and thus poison was no good At last a thousand dollars was set upon his head. This brought a noted wolf hunter from Texas with his pack of great wolfhounds But again there was failure Then two other hunters came with subtly devised poisons to work his undoing Then I came on the scene First I tried poison and there was no combination of strychnine arsenic and prussic acid which I did not use I put the poisons in cheese melted together with kidney fat and during the whole process I wore gloves steeped in hot blood And I scattered the bait all over the ranch The next morning I went out and found Lobo's tracks with the bait gone I was delighted I followed the track and found another bait gone and yet another Then I found the three baits piled upon another one and covered with filth. Lobo had evidently carried the first three in his mouth and had taken this means of expressing his utter contempt for my devices

But Lobo's downfall came about through a big white she wolf who was always with him I managed to catch her in a trap Then I knew we should soon have Lobo Night after night he came around the homestead and mourned his mate in long plaintive howls I knew he would try to find her body I set 130 strong steel wolf traps and in one of these I caught him—a matter to construct And that was the end of Lobo —Interview With Ernest Seton Thompson

RELIGIOUS TATTOOING

A Custom Rife in Russia Is One Feature

[illegible] Russian [illegible] Holy Land [illegible] Jerusalem [illegible] Russian pilgrims of the district inclosed between the Alazzi Dubbia and the Adige

The saints in these parts at work with shirt sleeves rolled up display a Christian symbol of some sort or a text from God in blue ink on their brown skin This has been imprinted on the occasion of some special festival

A wooden block is pressed upon the tightly drawn skin to mark the outlines of the design This is then pricked and a blue ink is rubbed into the wounds which usually heal in about twenty four hours The custom which is essentially Christian is in commemoration of the branding of St Francis who founded a monastery close to Lorette —London Telegraph

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$20 00 suits and overcoats, now $14.25

IKE SIMONS,

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

Dr. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome in every Home.

KIDNEY and LIVER cure.

Dr Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes affording prompt relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood such as Kidney Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation and weaknesses peculiar to women Sold well for 50 years. Prepared by D D KENNEDY & SON'S Rondout N Y $1 00 all druggists. Six bottles $5.00.

Blankets and Robes

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

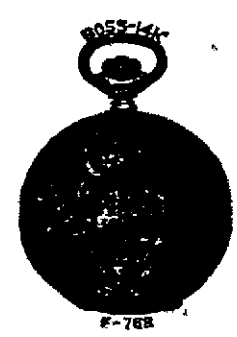
Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks Telescopes Suit Cases Traveling Bags etc at popular prices

Harness—All the latest styles in single double, light and heavy harness

Chas. Lemmler

Smethport, Pa.



RAILROAD WATCHES.

We make a specialty of railroad watches He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear smash and slam of the railroad business

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Notice in Divorce.

A D No 2 October Term 1904

McKEAN COUNTY ss—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County greeting

Whereas Nellie A King did on the 9th day of June 1904 prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you J B King

We therefore command you the said J B King that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at our Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Nellie A King and show cause if any you have why the said Nellie A King should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided Hereof fail not

A true copy CHARLES E MAYS Sheriff

Smethport Pa January 31st 1905

John N Apple Libellant's Attorney

Notice in Divorce.

A D No 262 October Term 1904

McKEAN COUNTY ss —THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county greeting

Whereas Ellen Caroline Daubenspeck did on the 1st day of September 1904 prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Samuel Smiley Daubenspeck

We therefore command you the said Samuel Smiley Daubenspeck that set aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Ellen Caroline Daubenspeck and show cause if any you have why the said Ellen Caroline Daubenspeck your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided Herein fail not

A true copy CHARLES E MAYS Sheriff

Smethport Pa January 31 1905

H R Stone Libellant's Attorney

Notice in Divorce.

A D No 2 October Term, 1904

McKEAN COUNTY ss —THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting

Whereas Wayne V Mason did, on the 24th day of August 1904 prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Effie M Mason

We therefore command you the said Effie M Mason that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport in Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Wayne V Mason and show cause if any you have why the said Wayne V Mason your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided Herein fail not

A true copy CHARLES E MAYS Sheriff

Smethport Pa January 31st 1904

John N Apple Libellant's Attorney

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made by R W Hilton J M Hilton R E Burdick and their associates all citizens of the State of Pennsylvania to the Governor of Pennsylvania in the city of Harrisburg Pa on Monday the 27th day of February A D 1905 at eleven o'clock a m under the provisions of the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations approved April 29th A D 1874 and its supplements for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the KEYSTONE GLASS COMPANY the character and object of which is the manufacture of window glass plate glass and other articles of glassware and the sale and purchase thereof and for these purposes to have possess and enjoy all the rights benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and its supplements

F R MAYO & SON Solicitors

Smethport Pa Feb 1st 1905

Notice of Administration

In the Estate of John S Coady deceased Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of John S Coady late of Smethport County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania deceased, to Joseph E Mundy residing in Smethport County of McKean State of Pennsylvania to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay

JOSEPH E MUNDY, Administrator

Smethport Pa February 1, 1905

Notice of Administration.

In the Estate of Maurice A Hall, deceased Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of Maurice A Hall, late of Smethport County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania deceased to Nellie Irene Hall residing in Smethport County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay NELLIE IRENE HALL,

P O Smethport, Pa. Administratrix.

Dated December 30th, 1904.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys

Corbett & Redmond

ATTORNEYS AT LAW All legal business given prompt attention

Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,

ATTORNEYS-AT LAW All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E L Keenan

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

Office adjoining Residence, Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly

Byron D Hamlin John Forrest

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa Office connected with long distance telephone. E R Mayo notary public

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Smethport - Penn a

All legal business given prompt and careful attention

E. E. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC Claims for Bounty Back Pay, Pensions &c both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widows and invalid claims under the act of May 9 1900 Office No 13 Main street Bradford Pa Telephone 184

Physicians

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—

Office in Drug Store

Calls answered promptly day or night Bell Phone

H. L. McCoy

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I O O F Block, Main Street Smethport, Pa.

John Stark [illegible]

Office and Residence in Clark Block Smethport Pa Office Hours 8 to 10 a m and 1 to 3 p m

W. A. Strander [illegible]

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E Benninghoff.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St, Bradford Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1 30 to 3 30 and 7 to 8 p m.

J. C. Brown,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M D C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block second floor, Smethport, Pa

Dr. E. R. Baker,

DENTIST

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R

Main Street, Smethport Pa

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords First class in every respect Rates reasonable

HOTEL IMPERIAL,

Main street, Smethport, Pa., [illegible]

Bacon Proprietor

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country Good beds and attentive clerks The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited

SARTWELL HOUSE,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA

Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the Traveling public

C. S KING, PROPRIETOR

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

F L SHERBURNE, Prop

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer

Smethport, Pa.